Together®

AUGUST 1963

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

IN THIS ISSUE: *Which Roman Catholicism?* . . *The* [illegible] *Backtracking Father Dyer* . . *The Impact of Karl Barth* . . *Beach Winners to* [illegible] *the Dead Sea Scrolls*

Enraptured

AMERICA has a thousand lights and weathers and we walk the streets, we walk the streets forever, we walk the streets of life alone.

It is the place of the howling winds, the hurrying of the leaves in old October, the hard clean falling to the earth of acorns. The place of the storm-tossed moaning of the wintry mountainside, where the young men cry out in their throats and feel the savage vigor, the rude strong energies; the place also where the trains cross rivers.

It is a fabulous country, the only fabulous country, it is the one place where miracles not only happen but where they happen all the time.

It is the place of exultancy and strong joy, the place of the darkened brooding air, the smell of snow; it is the place of all the fierce, the bitten colors in October, when all of the wild, sweet woods flame up; it is also the place of the cider press and the last brown oozings of the York Imperials.

It is the place where great boats are baying at the harbor's mouth, where great ships are putting out to sea; it is the place where great boats are blowing in the gulf of night, and where the river, the dark and secret river, full of strange time, is forever flowing by us to the sea....

It is the place of autumnal moons hung low and orange at the frosty edges of the pines; it is the place of frost and silence, of the clean dry shocks and the opulence of enormous pumpkins that yellow on hard clotted earth; it is the place of the stir and feathery stumble of the hens upon their roost, the frosty, broken barking of the dogs, the great barn-shapes and solid shadows in the running sweep of the moon-whited countryside, the wailing whistle of the fast express. It is the place of flares and steamings on the tracks, and the swing and bob and tottering dance of lanterns in the yards; it is the place of dings and knellings and the sudden glare of mighty engines over

Moments... *By THOMAS WOLFE*

sleeping faces in the night; it is the place of the terrific web and spread and smoldering, the distant glare of Philadelphia and the solid rumble of the sleepers; it is also the place where the Transcontinental Limited is stroking 80 miles an hour across the continent and the small dark towns whip by like bullets, and there is only the fan-like stroke of the secret, immense and lonely earth again....

It is the place of the wild and exultant winter's morning and the wind with the powdery snow that has been howling all night long; it is the place of solitude and the branches of the spruce and hemlock piled with snow; it is the place where the Fall River boats are tethered to the wharf, and the wild gray snow of furious, secret, and storm-whited morning whips across them. It is the place of the lodge by the frozen lake; it is the place of the tragic and lonely beauty of New England; it is the place of the red barn and the sound of the stabled hooves and of bright tatters of old circus posters; it is the place of the immense and pungent smell of breakfast, the country sausages and the ham and eggs, the smoking wheat cakes and the fragrant coffee, and of lonely hunters in the frosty thickets who whistle to their lop-eared hounds....

It is the place of the crack athletes and of the runners who limber up in March; it is the place of the 10-second men and the great jumpers and vaulters; it is the place where spring comes, and the young birch trees have white and tender barks, of the thaw of the earth, and the feathery smoke of the trees; it is the place of the burst of grass and bud, the wild and sudden tenderness of the wilderness, and of the crews out on the river and the coaches coming down behind them in the motorboats, the surges rolling out behind when they are gone with heavy sudden wash....

It is the place where they like to win always, and boast about their victories; it is the place of quick money and sudden loss; it is the place of the mile-long freights with their strong, solid clanking, heavy loneliness at night, and of the silent freight of cars that curve away among raw piney desolations with their promise of new lands and unknown distances—the huge attentive gape of emptiness. It is the place where the bums come singly from the woods at sunset, the huge stillness of the water tower, the fading light, the rails, secret and alive, and trembling with the oncoming train; it is the place of the great tramps, Oklahoma Red, Fargo Pete, and the Jersey Dutchman, who grab fast rattlers for the Western shore; it is the place of old blown bums who come up in October skirls of dust and wind and crumpled newspapers and beg, with canned heat on their breaths: "Help Old McGuire: McGuire's a good guy, kid. You're not so tough, kid: McGuire's your pal, kid: How about McGuire, McGuire—?"

...It is the place of the immense and lonely earth, the place of fat ears and abundance where they grow cotton, corn, and wheat, the wine-red apples of October....

It is the place where you come up through Virginia on the great trains in the nighttime, and rumble slowly across the wide Potomac and see the morning sunlight on the nation's dome at Washington, and where the fat man shaving in the pullman washroom grunts, "What's this? What's this we're coming to—Washington?"—And the thin man glancing out the window says, "Yep, this is Washington. That's what it is, all right. You gettin' off here?"—And where the fat man grunts. "Who—me? Naw—I'm goin' on to Baltimore." It is the place where you get off at Baltimore and find your brother waiting....

It is the place of the fast approach, the hot blind smoky passage, the tragic lonely beauty of New England, and the web of Boston; the place of the mighty station there, and engines passive as great cats, the straight dense plumes of engine smoke, the acrid and exciting smell of trains and stations, and of the man-swarm passing ever in its million-footed weft, the smell of the sea in harbors and the thought of voyages—and the place of the goat-cry, the strong joy of our youth, the magic city, when we knew the most fortunate life on earth would certainly be ours, that we were 20 and could never die.

And always America is the place of the deathless and enraptured moments, the eye that looked, the mouth that smiled and vanished, and the word; the stone, the leaf, the door we never found and never have forgotten. And these are the things that we remember of America, for we have known all her thousand lights and weathers, and we walk the streets, we walk the streets forever, we walk the streets of life alone.

The Editors Make a READER'S CHOICE

Few writers of any time and place have rivaled Thomas Wolfe (1900-1938) in the ability to capture in words the vital experience of living—of being involved in and relating personally to the world. It is that uncommon quality in Wolfe's writing that many of us, as editors, long have admired—and which stirs in each of us the recollection of a feeling, an attitude, or an event once experienced but perhaps never ours again. For just as Mark Twain spun the spirit of the Mississippi and of boyhood dreams, Wolfe captured the undimensional passion of America. We hope you will find it, as we did, in these excerpts from his novel, *Of Time and the River* (pages 155-160), reprinted here with the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons and William Heinemann, Ltd. ©1935 by Charles Scribner's Sons. —YOUR EDITORS

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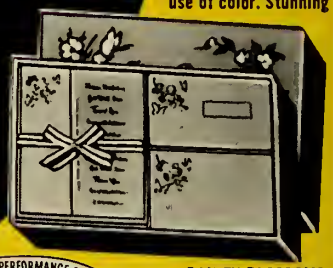

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The Church in Action

The Vacation Church: A New Ministry

Two among the increasing number of special worship services now conducted for vacation travelers are at Death Valley National Monument in California (top) and beside the Gulf of Mexico at Foley, Ala.

The News: More than a million Americans are thronging national parks and monument amphitheaters and small resort-area churches this summer because of a special ministry designed for the worshiper away from home. These summertime vacation worshipers are expected to set a record.

The largest staff in the 11-year history of the department of Christian ministry of the National Council of Churches is at work in 37 national park, monument, and resort areas. Last year more than 250,000 persons worshiped under this program in 33 areas. The NCC not only serves the park and monument visitor but this year it also is providing a student chaplain for Las Vegas, Nev. To all this can be added the thousands of vacationers attending both the open-air and indoor services and using the facilities provided for them by individual resort-area churches in all sections of the nation.

Background: Before the full bloom of the automotive age, little thought was given to offering special worship facilities for travelers. By 1952, however, the need had become clear. In that year, the National Council established its Christian ministry department. Seven years later, it had 142 seminary students serving as chaplains in 29 national parks. This summer a total of 186 college and seminary students, some of them from Methodist-related schools, are working as bellhops, waiters, waitresses, and seasonal rangers in recreation areas. Above and beyond their secular duties (for which they are paid by park concessionaires or the park service), these students conduct worship services, lead discussion groups, plan recreation, direct choirs, and in other ways conduct a Christian ministry in the parks. Their congregations consist not only of tourists but also of park service and concessionaire personnel, some of whom work on Sunday and are served in special weekday services. [See *Worship in Our National Parks*, May, 1959, page 37.]

Services for 250,000: Worship services in the parks usually are held in the park amphitheaters, but in some cases dining rooms, recreation halls, and other facilities are pressed into use. The NCC estimates that more than 250,000 people worship each year at such Protestant services alone.

In some larger parks (among them Yellowstone, Yosemite, and Sequoia) are resident ministers provided by the NCC and through local park church committees. At the South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park, The Methodist Church supplies the pastor. One young Methodist minister serves two vacation ministries—from October 15 to May 15 at Death Valley, and from late May to mid-October at Sequoia. Another serves Shenandoah National Park in the summer and Everglades National Park in the winter.

Many such programs are financed through offerings taken at the worship services. Approximately half of the amount received goes to the NCC for support of the program; the remainder is kept by the local park church committee to buy hymnals and church materials. Resident ministers at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, at Yellowstone, Yosemite, and Sequoia are paid from a number of other sources.

Methodism and the Resort Areas: A study book, *Our Ministry to Resort Areas*, was prepared for use at the Fifth Quadrennial Methodist Conference on the Church in Town and Country at Minneapolis, Minn., last month [see *Wanted: A More Vital Small Church*, July, page 3]. The study book dealt specifically with Methodism's approach to the problem. Written by Dr. Daniel M. Schores, Jr., Missouri Area town and country work director, it said:

- Regardless of the setting, The Methodist Church

is "under obligation to witness to Jesus Christ."

• This is a responsibility of the total church.

• More than a Sunday ministry is needed.

• Long-range planning and cooperative action are necessary to achieve an effective witness.

Dr. Schores is making another study this summer at three Missouri vacation spots. Interdenominational in nature, it is expected to help nearby churches plan better programs for the vacationers.

The Missouri Area also has approved and partially completed a $300,000 church-extension program for resort areas in the state. In two years, the program has organized three new congregations, erected two buildings, and bought sites for three new churches.

Local Church Approaches: Many local Methodist churches have tried to minister to summer visitors in various ways [see *Must Churches Wither in Summer?* August, 1962, page 20]. These have included get-togethers after Sunday-morning services, special early services on Sundays, and special Sunday vesper services. For example:

• St. Matthew's by the Sea Church, Fenwick Island, Del., begun with a $20,000 gift in 1961, ministers to people on a 10-mile stretch of the Delware-Maryland coast. Last year 1,880 persons worshiped there on 14 summer Sundays.

• Atlantic Methodist Church, Ocean City, Md., a year-round church with 60 members, reaches 350 to 500 persons during the summer. Another summer church in this resort area, on Assateague Island opposite Ocean City, had a promising future until the 1962 hurricane forced suspension of its work. [See *Methodism Is Re-established on Assateague Island, Maryland*, July, 1962, page 52.]

• Century-old Jacksonport (Wis.) Methodist Church, once a thriving country congregation, now serves vacationers from May through October. Its permanent membership of 25 (most of whom attend the Sturgeon Bay Methodist Church in the winter) is doubled during the summer by cottage owners in nearby resort areas.

• Riverside Methodist Church, Park Rapids, Minn., has two programs for the hundreds of vacationers visiting that area. For them it operates weekly "Go and See Tours" to the Methodist Northern Pines Assembly Grounds and historic Pine Bend Indian Mission. It is experimenting with a campers' chaplain program similar to that in the national parks. In addition to conducting Sunday services at nearby campgrounds, the seminary-student chaplain gives recreational help and advice, and offers counseling service for the camper and his family.

• Since 1951, the Foley (Ala.) Methodist Church has been holding from early May to early September an informal 7:30 a.m. Sunday service on a white sandy beach at Gulf Shores on the Gulf of Mexico. Last year's attendance averaged 245.

Significance: Methodism has always gone to the people wherever they have been, and the ministry to resort areas continues that tradition.

Bishop W. Kenneth Pope of the Arkansas Area told a Missouri-Arkansas Conference on Ministering to Resort Communities:

"The Methodist Church is known for its close relationship to the people. We minister to people in the slums; we minister to students on the university campus; we minister to urban and suburban life, to the inner city, to men in service, to industrial areas; and now we add one more field to that growing number, that of resort areas. I say that this is typically Methodist because of our close relationship with people wherever they go. We follow the people. . . ."

The former pastor of a Methodist resort church at Gatlinburg, Tenn., the Rev. Harper Sasser, sees the job of that church as follows:

• To minister to a local congregation and community.

• To witness to Methodism: "The resort church is a symbol of Methodism serving."

• To witness for Protestantism in general.

A. Dudley Ward Will Assume Top Post on CSC Board

The Rev. A. Dudley Ward becomes general secretary of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns on August 1. He succeeds Dr. Caradine R. Hooton, who is retiring.

Now associate general secretary of the board, the 48-year-old Ward was earlier the first and only general secretary of the Methodist Board of Social and Economic Relations—one of the three agencies merged into the present board in 1960.

Mr. Ward

Before coming to the United States, Mr. Ward was an accountant and investment officer in Toronto, Canada, where he was born.

He graduated from the University of Delaware in 1946 with a master's degree in sociology and economics, then taught economics. He served pastorates in Delaware and New York and graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1950.

Mr. Ward is a member of the New York East Conference.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

AUGUST

4-9—Biennial meeting National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians, Baker University, Baldwin, Kans.

18-24—National Conference of Methodist Youth Fellowship, Evansville College, Evansville, Ind.

25—Festival of Christ the King.

26-30—National Methodist Conference on Human Relations, Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

100 Church Leaders Discuss Race Question With President

Twelve Methodists were among the more than 100 religious leaders summoned to the White House June 17 to discuss the nation's racial problem.

They were Bishops Charles W. Brashares, Chicago; Matthew W. Clair, Jr., St. Louis; Fred P. Corson, Philadelphia; F. Gerald Ensley, Des Moines; Charles F. Golden, Nashville; Paul Hardin, Jr., Columbia, S.C.; Nolan B. Harmon, Charlotte, N.C.; John Wesley Lord, Washington, D.C.; Edgar A. Love, Baltimore; James K. Mathews, Boston; Lloyd C. Wicke, New York, and the Rev. A. Dudley Ward, associate general secretary of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns.

In calling Protestant, Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Jewish leaders to-

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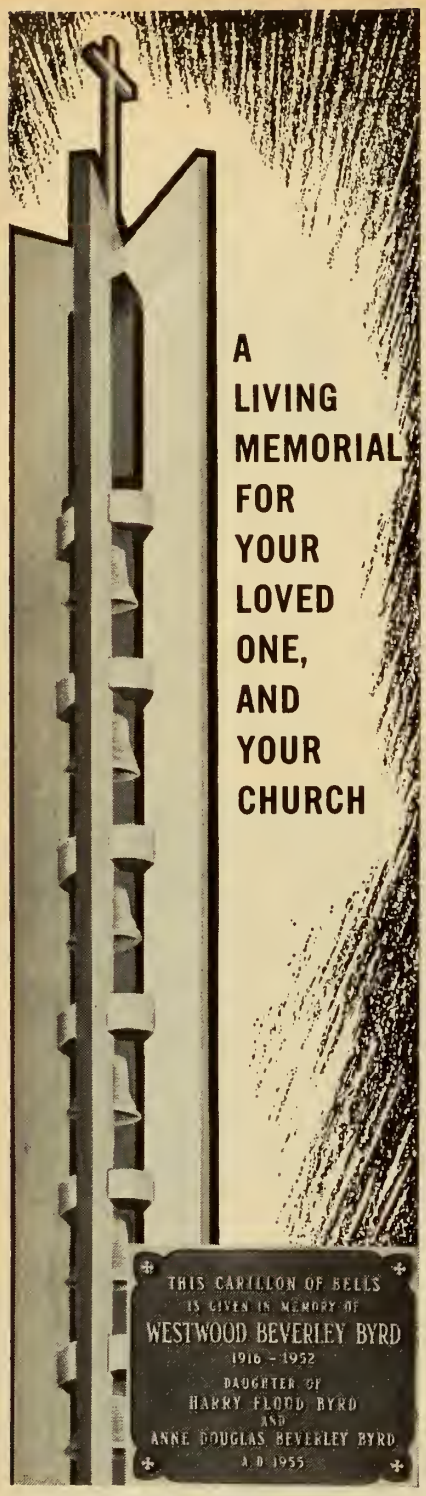

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gether, President John F. Kennedy said the civil-rights problem "merits serious and immediate attention." The meeting was interracial as well as interreligious as invitations went to both Negro and white chuchmen.

Such a White House Conference had been requested by religious leaders before the President climaxed his address to the nation on the "moral crisis" facing the nation by calling them to meet with him.

Other developments involving Methodists across the nation included:

• The Rev. W. B. Selah, pastor of Galloway Memorial Methodist Church, Jackson, Miss., since 1945, and his associate, the Rev. Jerry Furr, requested reassignment to another charge after five Negroes had been refused admission to their church.

• Methodist Bishops F. Gerald Ensley of Des Moines, Iowa, A. Raymond Grant of Portland, Oreg., John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., and Kenneth W. Copeland of Lincoln, Nebr., leaders of the Methodist General Board of Christian Social Concerns, supported a U.S. Supreme Court decision reversing sit-in convictions, and reminded the church that the 1960 General Conference recognized nonviolent demonstrations as a means of awakening community conscience.

• The Western North Carolina Annual Conference commended "peaceful and nonviolent efforts" against segregation, but condemned "lawlessness or defiance of law."

• The Newark Annual Conference called on church members to take an active part in eliminating racial inequalities inside and outside the church.

• Florida Methodists at their annual conference called on ministers and laymen to lead in the creation of biracial committees to work for peaceful integration of public facilities.

• For the first time since the Civil War, a Negro minister, Dr. Harry Richardson, president of the Interdenominational Theological Center at Atlanta, Ga., addressed a session of the South Georgia Conference.

Methodists in the News

William D. Myers of Wilmington, Mass., was named Blind Father of the Year by the National Father's Day Committee. The award was sponsored by the American Foundation for the Blind.

Scouts **Jeffrey Blanchard** of Raleigh, N.C., **Gregory Borah** of Albuquerque, N.Mex., **Dan D. Chapman** of Punxsutawney, Pa., **Danny Eugene Harwood** of North Park, Ill., and **David Pellenz** of Manchester, N.H., and **Scoutmaster Howard Pettibone** of Arvada, Colo., were honored for acts of merit and heroism by the National Council of Boy Scouts of America. All are in troops sponsored by Methodist churches.

Dr. Theodore H. Bullock of Los Angeles, Calif., has been named to membership in the National Academy of Sciences.

Robert L. Alcott of Worland, Wyo., has been named one of America's Four Outstanding Young Farmers of 1962 by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce and the National LP-Gas Council.

Bishop Paul Neff Garber of Richmond, Va., and **Miss Nina Fontana** were married April 27 in Geneva, Switzerland.

The **Rev. Allen M. Mayes** of Beaumont, Texas, was appointed an assistant secretary on the staff of the Methodist Board of Pensions.

Dr. Harry C. Spencer of Nashville, Tenn., was elected regional representative for North America of the World Association for Christian Broadcasting.

Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of New York has been named to the policy-making continuation committee of the National Conference on Religion and Race.

Miss Harriet L. Clendenin of Evanston, Ill., **Miss Joan G. Allen** of Jackson, Miss., **Miss Mary Louise Kesler** of New York City, **Miss Janice K. Kilmer** of Lincoln, Nebr., and **Miss Nancy C. Newman** of Delaware, Ohio, have been awarded $1,000 John Q. Schisler graduate scholarships by the Methodist Board of Education.

F. Murray Benson of Baltimore, Md., president of the Methodist Board of Publication, died suddenly June 14 at his home as he was preparing to go to his law office. The 68-year-old Methodist layman and attorney had been a member of the board more than 20 years, and had been president of the board since 1960.

Dr. Carl L. Stocking of San Francisco, Calif., and the **Rev. Robert P. Crosby** of Wausau, Wis., have been appointed to the staff of the Methodist Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.

Astronaut Gordon Cooper greets his mother, Mrs. Hattie Cooper, at White House after his 22 orbits of earth. President Kennedy is behind Cooper.

• At Houston, the Texas Annual Conference adopted a resolution calling for complete desegregation of all Methodist institutions in the state.

• The Wyoming Annual Conference endorsed a report by its Board of Christian Social Concerns appealing for better treatment of the Negro in the North.

• The Louisville Annual Conference delegates urged their members to assist in the desegregation of the communities, to work for fair employment for all, and "assist the Negro in the pursuit of decent housing."

• Preservation of the denomination's Central (Negro) Jurisdiction was called for in a resolution adopted by the Mississippi Annual Conference. The resolution said Mississippi Methodists could work for a greater understanding and more effective co-operation within the current jurisdictional setup than if the Central Jurisdiction were weakened or destroyed.

• A resolution calling for state laws banning discrimination in public facilities, education, housing, and employment was adopted by the Detroit Annual Conference.

• Twelve Negro churches in the Central West Conference of the Central Jurisdiction accepted a merger invitation from the all-white Kansas Annual Conference of the South Central Jurisdiction. No date was set for the merger.

• Members of the First Methodist Church, Kennewick, Wash., opened church doors for worship, refreshments and planning to out-of-town racial representatives demonstrating in support of Alabama Negroes.

Philadelphia Conference Halts Dickinson College Aid

Methodism's Philadelphia Annual Conference cut off all financial support for Methodist-related Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., because the college is allowing drinking of alcoholic beverages in fraternity houses.

A conference resolution rescinded a $25,000 contribution for the 1963-64 academic year.

Howard L. Rubendall, Dickinson president, said he was "surprised and disappointed" by the conference action which was taken without consulting the college.

Fraternity members 21 or older are permitted to drink at chaperoned parties in fraternity houses which are not college property, President Rubendall said. He said such parties are limited to Friday and Saturday between 5 p.m. and 1 a.m., and must be registered with the college three weeks in advance.

Other conference actions:

• **Oklahoma**—Passed a resolution urging Methodists to keep their own businesses closed and refrain from trading at establishments open on Sunday.

• **New England Southern**—Included in the proposed 1963-64 budget an allocation of $1,000 to oppose text-

An Astronaut's Prayer

Major L. Gordon Cooper, member of First Methodist Church, Seabrook, Texas [see *Unusual Methodists*, April, page 27], composed the following prayer during his 22 orbits of earth in *Faith 7:*

"I would like to take this time to say a little prayer for all the people, including myself, involved in this launch operation. Father, thank you, especially for letting me fly this flight. Thank you for the privilege of being able to be in this position; to be up in this wondrous place, seeing all these many startling, wonderful things that you have created. Help guide and direct all of us that we may shape our lives to be much better Christians, trying to help one another, and to work with one another rather than fighting and bickering. Help us to complete this mission successfully. Help us in our future space endeavors that we may show the world that a democracy really can compete, and still are able to do things in a big way, and are able to do research, development, and can conduct many scientific and very technical programs. Be with all our families. Give them guidance and encouragement, and let them know that everything will be OK.

"We ask in thy name, Amen."

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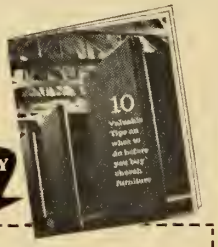

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book aid to private and parochial school students.

• **North Texas**—Approved recommendations concerning pronouncements on social issues made by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. One recommendation said the board should "endorse legislation as a solution to an issue only when that legislation follows the policy previously established by the General Conference of the church."

• **New York**—Passed a resolution asserting that should another "Cuban crisis" arise the federal government must not act without United Nations support.

Methodist Interest in Higher Education Praised by Kennedy

Methodism's traditional interest in higher education drew praise from President John F. Kennedy in a commencement address at Methodist-related American University in Washington, D.C.

The President, who received an honorary degree of doctor of civil law from the university on June 10, told the 991 graduates that "by sponsoring this institution of higher learning for all who wish to learn, whatever their color or creed, the Methodists of this area and the nation deserve the nation's thanks."

Mr. Kennedy in his address announced plans for a three-power, high-level discussion aimed at seeking a nuclear test-ban treaty, and added the U.S. would not be the first to resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere.

He also noted that the current emphasis on civil rights was not unrelated to world peace. He stressed that "peace and freedom walk together; in too many cities, peace is not secure because freedom is not complete."

Honorary degrees also were conferred on Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia, president of the World Methodist Council; the Rev. Lowell S. Ensor, president of Methodist-related Western Maryland College, and Judge Luther A. Smith, Methodist layman of Washington and Hattiesburg, Miss.

President Kennedy (left) and American University President H. R. Anderson leave platform after talk.

Seeks Names of Methodist Peace Corps Volunteers

The Peace Corps office of the National Council of Churches hopes to induce Protestant Peace Corps volunteers to continue in overseas work under denominational sponsorship after their two-year tour of duty is completed.

Anyone knowing the name of a Methodist volunteer is asked to send the name to: Theodore A. Braun, Acting Director, Peace Corps Office, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

West Needs 100 New Churches

Methodism's Western Jurisdiction needs to organize 100 new congregations in the next two years, according to a study by the Board of Missions' Division of National Missions.

The jurisdiction embraces Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, California, Oregon, and Washington.

The division's study showed that only 13 new congregations were organized in 1962, making a total of 1,734 Methodist churches in the jurisdiction.

According to the study, 39 of the new congregations are needed in the Southern California-Arizona Conference.

Dr. B. P. Murphy of Philadelphia, Pa., executive secretary of the division's section of church extension, said the lag in church extension was only one indication of an apparent failure by The Methodist Church to keep pace with the rapid development.

CENTURY CLUB

Three Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays join the Century Club of TOGETHER *this month. They are:*

Mrs. Emma R. Babcock, 105, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. J. M. Stewart, 100, Naples, Texas.
Miss Elizabeth Carman, 100, Rockaway, N.J.

When sending names of Century Club nominees, please give birth date, address, and name of church where nominee has membership.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency No. 741 by Roy L. Smith

A Prayer That Did Not Help

BECAUSE the Scriptures lay so much emphasis on prayer, and because we have been urged so many times to "take all our troubles to the Lord," it is assumed by many people that a mere petition offered in Jesus' name is a cure-all.

There are prayers, however, which are effectual, and there are prayers which actually become hurtful. Perhaps the church has not taught people to know the difference. At any rate, there is widespread skepticism on the subject of prayer, and much disappointment because praying does not seem to produce results.

It is rather interesting to discover that on one occasion Jesus taught his disciples *how* to pray (Luke 11:1-4), and that on another occasion he taught them *how not* to pray (Luke 18:9-14), and that the same Gospel tells both of the stories.

Not the least interesting fact about the Pharisee's prayer was that *it was all true.* The self-righteous old fellow was doubtless telling the truth about himself. He *did* tithe, he *did* fast twice a week (the law required him to fast but once), and he *did not* extort, deal unjustly, or commit adultery. His fault was that he could see nothing wrong with himself. Not so the tax collector.

The basic difference between the two men was that one could not see that he lacked anything and the other was well aware that he lacked everything. The publican saw himself as he was and was ashamed; the Pharisee saw himself as he was and was satisfied.

The heart of any prayer is that portion which confesses a real need and represents a willingness on the part of one who prays to do something on his own account about his lack.

To confess that we are sinners may be nothing more than admitting an inescapable fact, but to admit that we have outraged God and our own conscience, and that we propose to do something about it, gives our prayer a cutting edge.

Too many prayers of confession are little more than admissions that we are at fault, that we expect to go on being at fault, and that there is not much that either we or God can do about it.

Suppose, for example, that we had to ask Jesus Christ for an endorsement of our prayers. Could we reasonably expect him to sign his name to our petitions for more prosperity, greater honors, less work, and more fun?

Of course, there are prayers in behalf of economic betterment to which Jesus would readily affix his signature. But what about the person who never tithed a small income and has no intention of tithing a larger one, yet who asks God to help him get a raise in salary?

There are prayers in behalf of better health, likewise, to which Jesus would append his endorsement. But what about the prayers for health which do not represent any intention on the part of the one who prays to use better judgment in diet and other matters that affect health?

One of the most common prayers to be heard in any Christian gathering is that which pleads with God for power. Suppose Jesus knew that we were praying for power but that at the same time there were vast powers at hand which we were not using. Would he be likely to endorse such a prayer?

Then there is the prayer we offer in solemn voice and with a fine pretense of piety asking God to make us humble, patient, or pure in heart. Yet while we are petitioning him, we are deliberately exposing ourselves to those conditions which can be expected to defeat God in any effort he might make to grant us those splendid virtues.

There is the classic story told by Henry Ward Beecher of the woman who prayed, "Lord, make me a patient woman," in response to which the Lord sent her a stupid servant and she had to become patient.

Suppose we apply the test of facing up to facts and sincerity of intention to a few of our prayers.

The effective prayer is one that says, "I'm wrong; I know it; I know what I ought to do to make it right; and I'll do it."

And that brings us to an extremely important element in any prayer that is effective. *It must be specific.* It is not enough to say, "I'm wrong." We will have to confess to God in what respect we believe we are in the wrong.

A young man, kneeling in his pastor's study, prayed, "O God, forgive me for losing my temper last night, and wrecking the meeting. Help me to go straight to the others and make it right."

How much easier for him to have prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and let it go.

The author of Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency *died last April at age 76. For the next several issues,* TOGETHER *will continue to draw on material prepared earlier by him for this feature.* EDITORS.

This article was prepared before the death of Pope John XXIII, which automatically suspended the Vatican II Council he had called to consider the role of the Roman Catholic Church in the world today. But whether or not the council is reconvened this fall as scheduled, this Methodist observer's analysis of the interplay of forces within Catholicism is pertinent for the months and years ahead. The voices of renewal will be heard, he says —but don't expect spectacular changes.

Which Roman Catholicism?

By JOSE MIGUEZ

WHEN SOMEONE remarked to Pope John XXIII that the devil would try to interfere in Vatican II Council, he is said to have retorted: "Of course! When something as important as this happens in the Church, can you imagine the devil going on a holiday?"

One can interpret the whole process of the council—indeed, the whole history of the Christian church—as such a struggle. The question is, though: What is of the devil, and what is of God? That is not always self-evident.

When the Vatican II Council was convened last October, many hopes and fears were set in motion. Some persons' "inspirations" were others' "demonic suggestions," and the hopes of one group were the fears of another.

In order to understand the council, it is very important to understand this interplay of ideas, perspectives, and desires.

Protestants are prone to see Roman Catholicism as a huge, monolithic, uniform structure. The Roman Catholic Church in its declarations often has nourished that idea.

As a matter of fact, that is not true. Roman Catholicism has a strong consciousness of its unity in faith, doctrine, hierarchical structure, and sacraments. But it is becoming more and more evident that this unity does not prevent a diversity of usages, theological positions, attitudes, and rites.

For years a student of Roman Catholicism, Dr. Míguez is a permanent Methodist observer at the Vatican II Council. He is president of the Union Seminary in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

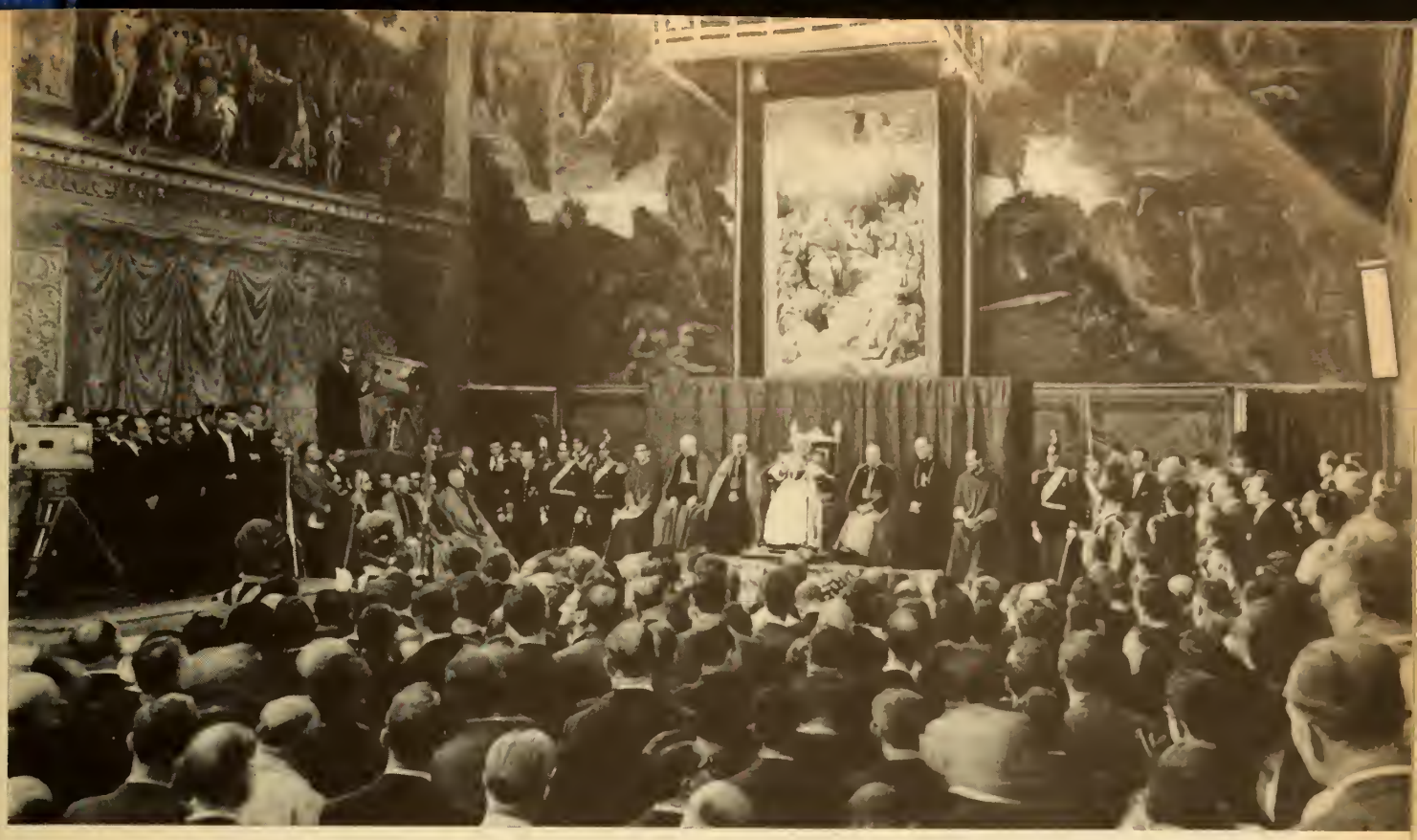
This diversity has become manifest in the council, and perhaps constitutes the most important single impression from the point of view of a non-Roman observer. The encounter, interplay, opposition, and compromise of these tendencies form the stuff of the council.

The main tendencies involved in the council are *conservative Catholicism, the movement of renewal,* and *missionary Catholicism.*

Conservative Catholicism. The press frequently has used this expression. It has spoken also of "curialism," and there has been no lack of less courteous adjectives such as "reactionary" and "ultramontane."

The Curia is the body of prelates (mostly Italian), commissions, and courts surrounding the pope and co-operating with him in the supreme government of the Roman Catholic Church. Its origin is as late as the 16th century, and its present strength is much more recent. Curialism describes a tendency to concentrate the government of the church in Rome, to refer all changes in liturgy, all questions of interpretation, all judgments and decisions to the central commissions.

Curialism tends to conceive unity mainly as uniformity, and to preserve it by avoiding changes and local variations, and holding to traditions. Thus it is reckoned as conservative. The less generous characterization, "reactionary," goes back to the political conflicts of the 19th century, when Rome adopted an attitude of total opposition to liberalism and the popes condemned as erroneous and contrary to the faith a number of tenets and movements in modern culture.



The famed Sistine Chapel, where popes are elected. This picture, taken last October, shows the late Pope John XXIII addressing some 1,000 journalists covering the opening sessions of Vatican II Council. Their number indicates the broad interest in deliberations on Roman Catholic doctrine and practices.

In reality, conservatism is not so much a party as an attitude, a perspective, a mentality, a particular way of looking at the church, its nature, its mission, its action. It is normal to expect that this mentality would find echo everywhere—in fact, Catholicism as such has a strong conservative leaning. And it is undeniable that this general attitude is predominant in Italy, Spain, the USA, and sections of Latin America.

This conservative mentality sees the church first and uppermost as an institution, with its hierarchy and law. The primacy of the pope is the cornerstone, and anything which threatens to put this in question is regarded as a mortal enemy.

In general, the conservative mentality has had but little contact with non-Roman churches and maintains an intransigent attitude—which does not, however, preclude kindness, courtesy, and genuine love for others.

Those who view the church in this way can conceive unity only as "a return to Rome" of all those who —according to their view—have "strayed out of the true church." Vatican II Council becomes for them an opportunity for reaffirming the traditional views and decisions of the church. They are ready to admit certain changes in tactics, but not in strategy. For them, the council will have accomplished its purpose if it *reasserts* the immutable doctrine, condemns the errors of the times, and *consolidates* the authority and the rights of the Church.

The movement of renewal. Progressive, liberal, reformist, and renewal are terms which have been used almost indiscriminately. They usually designate a Roman Catholic mentality predominant in northern Europe—particularly in France, Germany, and Holland. But in this case, too, we must guard against too close geographical identifications, because this attitude also is present in some measure everywhere.

This Catholicism has long been in contact with other Christian churches—particularly with Protestantism. Representatives of the two faiths have met in universities, in historical research, in Bible study, and—not the least important—in prisons and concentration camps during the resistance to nazi barbarism. They have thus developed a spiritual openness, a readiness for dialogue, a sense of the common faith in Jesus Christ—in a word, what we have come to term an ecumenical attitude.

It is even more important to notice that this Catholicism has been engaged for several decades in what French Catholics call a "return to the sources." This is an effort to revive the study of the Bible, of church writers of the early centuries, and of the early liturgical tradition. The goal of this study, as Pope John XXIII himself had indicated, is "to return to the face of the church the splendor of the purity and simplicity of its origin."

As a result of this ecumenical attitude and this return to the sources, those Catholics in the renewal movement have come to envisage the church mainly as a community of believers, the people of God, the Body whose Head is Christ and whose mission is to live

the Gospel and witness to it. As true Catholics, they do not deny the doctrines regarding the hierarchy, papal infallibility, veneration of Mary, and the like. But these doctrines are set within the context of this evangelical faith and a more open and positive attitude toward modern culture and the needs and desires of modern man.

What are the hopes these Catholics have taken to the council? They hope that the council will not busy itself with mere repetition of previous decisions or the condemnation of errors. To do merely that, said Pope John in the opening session, "there was no need of a council."

Advocates of renewal hope that the council will bring about certain *reforms* necessary for the renewal of the church—among them a simplification and adaptation of the liturgy to present-day needs (including the use of the vernacular languages), and an updating of canon law (the law that governs the conduct of people and clergy in the church). They expect the council to explain the doctrines in such a way that it will dispel certain misunderstandings—that it will make clear that authority does not rest merely on the pope, but on the bishops, both individually and as a body; that lay people are an active part of the church and not merely hearers; that the Gospel is the true and only foundation of the church.

They demand a decentralization in the administration of the church, by which regional authorities will have more initiative.

They desire a new attitude of openness to the world. They want the church to be concerned for the service it can render rather than for the authority it can muster. They long for the council to strike an ecumenical note by indicating a clear recognition of non-Catholics as believers in Jesus Christ and their churches as true Christian communities. They expect some definite steps toward the solution of such explosive questions as religious freedom and interfaith marriages.

Missionary Catholicism. There is a third attitude, which may prove decisive. It belongs to the bishops of the "lands of missions"—Africa, Asia, and (to a certain extent) Latin America.

Many bishops of those regions have not had a chance to complete their postgraduate studies or to keep up with current theological or liturgical developments. In certain cases (Africa, for example), they were not even acquainted with each other and had no regional organization. For many of them, the council has been the great opportunity to come in contact with the new trends, and they have seized it eagerly. Somebody remarked that it was moving to see these bishops unashamedly "going to school" each afternoon.

These people have, nevertheless, a common concern born of a common experience. They see every day the great and growing masses of people utterly untouched by the Christian message. They are besieged daily by revolutionary social and political forces. They witness rapid social change, and they experience the urgency of the present moment.

In such a situation, it is easy to realize that many of the traditions of the church—vestments, ceremonials, rites, languages—are the result of the alliance with Western culture and thus are an obstacle to the communication of the Gospel. They realize that it is high time to lighten the load in order to walk more rapidly. This very realization has pushed them in the direction of the forces of renewal. This tends to tip the scales in favor of renewal.

THESE missionary bishops want the council to give them more freedom to maneuver in the changing scene of the new nations. They want to be able to reform rites and ceremonies, to speak the languages of the people, to create new rites corresponding to the habits and customs of their peoples—without having to refer everything back to Rome, where it can hardly be expected that anyone will know what the change is all about.

They long for the church to show itself clearly and unambiguously as the champion of social and political justice and freedom, of the rights of oppressed people and nations. They want it to get rid of luxury, ostentation, and offensive wealth in order to become the humble servant of the people. And they want a simple Christian instruction (catechism) which can be taught even by simple laymen, proclaiming the basic faith of Christianity.

The encounter, dialogue, opposition, and compromise of these three general attitudes constitute the vitality of the council. We must not think of them as parties, but as mentalities which predominate in one or another section. The proportion of these attitudes is indeed significant, and may determine the outcome of Vatican II Council.

But it still is too early to guess what that outcome will be. The first session of the council seems to have proved at least three things:

1. Neither conservatives nor progressives are strong enough to carry the council with them—and neither of them will endanger the unity of the church in order to advance their views. As a result, compromise seems to be unavoidable.

2. The bishops from the mission fields are becoming more and more conscious of their strength and are bold in expressing the needs and hopes of their regions. As a result, the progressive tendency may find an unexpected and decisive reinforcement.

3. Certain bridges already have been crossed in the decisions taken in the convocation and in preparations for the council. For example:

The submission of questions to an international gathering where, in principle, all bishops have equal weight.

A break from isolation by inviting non-Catholic observers.

Addressing the modern world positively.

Letting the new voices of renewal be heard.

These facts seem to be irreversible and will have to be reckoned with even by the more conservative.

To this Protestant observer, all these things seem to suggest that, though the results of the council probably will not be very spectacular and certainly will not satisfy him, the devil will not prevail. This conviction is an act of faith in the Holy Spirit's power, rather than an attempt to predict the outcome of the interplay of human forces.

FATHER ON A PEDESTAL

By WINN CHURCH

As a father, I often picture myself as being unable to do anything right. What I usually forget is that my young son has his own practical way of looking at things.

Not long ago, for instance, I helped him construct a birdhouse. After we finished it with a bright coat of paint, we found a nearby tree and hung it up. For days we waited, like expectant parents, for some bright songbird's moving-in day. We had fun trying to guess what sort of bird it would be. At last my son came racing madly through the house with the news:

"Daddy! Daddy! We've got roomers!"

I joined him outside and found myself doubting the wisdom of nature.

Flying in and out of the birdhouse were not birds at all but a squadron of wasps. I felt like an idiot who had created a monster, but my son was elated.

"Boy-oh-boy, Daddy! Bet no one else has a new birdhouse with wasps living in it!"

It was from that time on that I began to pay more attention to his reactions.

Another time we had a model airplane ready for its first flight. I sent it off into the blue, explaining, as I did, how it was done. What happened once the plane was in the air? The most spectacular, disintegrating crash-dive imaginable. No parts of the plane were larger than matchsticks.

Another stupid act by a father? My son, eyes beaming, exclaimed: "Daddy, you sure can crack up a plane real good!"

It was hard to believe that he wasn't just pulling my leg, but I went along with him anyway.

Now I know it was the intention of the makers that their boomerangs should return to somewhere. We tried one. I let go. How beautifully it sailed, up, up, into the sky and out of sight behind some trees. We waited and we waited. In fact, we are still waiting for it to come back.

Another one of my failures? Scanning the horizon, my son shook his head in spellbound wonder. "Bet it's still going, Daddy. Maybe even to Russia or China!"

Once I managed to get us lost while hiking in a state park (on less than an acre of ground, I found out later). It took hours of clawing through dense undergrowth before we were able to make our way out.

While I asked myself how a father could be so idiotic, my boy cried out: "How do you always know where to find the biggest woods? Gee! Wasn't it fun?"

And I'll never forget that time at the swimming pool when he begged me to go off the high board. I made my way slowly up the foreboding steps for my first attempt. Out near the edge of the board, I hesitated for a second to wave to him far below. Losing my balance, down, down I went, head over heels.

As I surfaced and swam towards the edge of the pool, I fought to hold my embarrassment to the same color that the sun had already burned me. My son rushed to greet me with a big smile.

"Daddy, you're the best diver in all the whole world!"

So you see how it is. To a boy, his father is like no other father in the world. If my son judges me at all, it is never in terms of success or failure. He is satisfied with me as long as I take the time to try.

Fathers have a lot going for them —and the most important of all is the trust of a young boy.

Campus restrictions left behind, they flock here for gay, uninhibited days and nights by the sea.

Christianity's most sacred week was to be just another boy-girl "beer bust" until 18 stalwart, talented men arrived to . . .

Witness at Daytona Beach

WITH Easter vacations, thousands of sun-seeking college students migrate to Florida beaches and resort areas where the blare of jukeboxes in bars and the shrill cries of barkers background a strange new social phenomenon. More than once, milling, rioting, beer-drinking throngs of young people had seriously flaunted civic authority. Christians, viewing many of the activities as a sad mockery of Holy Week, seemed powerless to bring their influence to bear.

Last spring, however, the churches took concerted action. Methodism's General Board of Evangelism joined by dispatching a team of nationally known athletes and musicians to entertain students and to witness for Christ at Daytona Beach. It was unconventional evangelism based on the firm conviction that today's young people have a wholesome desire to live better lives and can be led to do so by the time-honored method of providing a good example.

Some warned that Christian witness on the beaches would be greeted by cynicism and laughter, but the young men who took up the challenge at Daytona were not afraid. Each already had earned the respect and admiration of young Americans. As an example,

The beer cans, seen everywhere at Daytona, are noticeably absent from the powerful hands of Bill Krisher, Dallas Texans' grid star.

Christian athletes and musicians toured the crowded beaches on a sound truck every afternoon. Between jazz sessions, the athletes testified to the importance of Christ in their lives.

leader of the team of 18 athletes and musicians was Methodist minister Ed Beck, twice All-American on University of Kentucky national-championship basketball teams. Among others with him were magician-escape artist Joe Hale, like Mr. Beck, a minister and a staff member of the Board of Evangelism, and Bill Wade, quarterback of the Chicago Bears professional football team, widely known as a cool ball handler and precision passer.

None had come to Daytona to say "No!" to the estimated 40,000 young people crowding the beach. Instead, members of the "Jazz Limited, and All-American Caravan" toured the area, mixed with the students, and—quietly, unobtrusively—testified to the meaning of Christ in their everyday lives.

Witnesses in action: Bill Wade of the Chicago Bears, and Chuck Hunter, former college weight-lifting champion.

Friday night at the band shell: Singing star Tony Fontane blends hit songs with hymns, and tells the students how religion has given him a new life. They applauded when he declared: "A lot of people have made fun of me, but I don't care. I'm not ashamed to stand here for Christ."

Witness (Continued)

NOBODY knows just how much good was done at Daytona Beach.

"We don't have the full answer," said evangelist Ed Beck. "We don't have the full knowledge, and we are not sure that it is even the best approach, or the only approach. But one thing we do know: we did something to bring a positive witness for Jesus Christ to a great many people that the church has overlooked in the past."

Perhaps the Florida-beach craze will pass—or it may swing in an entirely new direction. In either event, evangelism equally unconventional may be the church's best way of making a relevant witness to young people searching for meaning, truth, and ultimate values in the uncertainty of this age.

Said Bill Wade (center): "The reason I am here is because I believe in God . . . and I hope I have done some good."

Karl Barth:

By FERDINAND SIGG
Bishop, Geneva Area, The Methodist Church

THEOLOGY For a World in Crisis

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about men whose thoughts helped make modern Methodism a dynamic movement.

AT THE FIRST Assembly of the World Council of Churches on August 23, 1948, in Amsterdam, Holland, a 60-year-old Swiss professor stood on the platform and declared that the theme of the assembly was false. Instead of *Man's Disorder and God's Design,* he contended, it should read *God's Design and Man's Disorder.*

God's plan of salvation belongs in the first place, he declared. And that plan is not something for humanity to do and to carry out, as though it were a sort of Christian "Marshall Plan."

Was this merely a theologian's hairsplitting? Or was it a trumpet call to a new theology?

In this approach to an ecumenical theology, Karl Barth was restating a demand he repeatedly had made: that first place be reserved for God. At that time, the first half of his *Church Dogmatics*—which since has grown to 7,500 pages in 12 volumes—had been published, and various labels had been attached to his theology: dialectical, the theology of crisis, or, simply, neoorthodoxy.

Clearly here was a man who slashed with words as a soldier does with a sword. His impact on the assembly was sharp; many found him magnificent, others thought him narrow-minded and dictatorial. Even those who know him only through his writings have found him a thinker whose ideas must be either accepted or rejected; they cannot be taken lightly.

Personal encounter with Karl Barth, on the other hand, always discloses a man of sparkling quiet humor, a man who has such a sensitive understanding of Mozart's music that he hopes to hear it again in heaven. Those who have sat in conversation with Karl Barth, as was my privilege last summer, find that he admits the theological exaggerations of his youth but explains that they were necessary to dislodge an entrenched theological philosophy that man controlled his own destiny. In those early days, he was struggling to defend the central and decisive elements of the faith, and he felt he could not allow "that someone else pour water on the powder while I load the cannon."

What made the young Swiss pastor in 1918 suddenly famous? He had written a book, *Commentary on Romans,* in which the primary struggle was the one he was fighting himself. It struck like a bomb in the theological camps of both the Liberals and the Pietists.[1]

Barth had become acquainted with Liberalism through outstanding teachers while he was a student. He had had serious reservations about entering the ministry, but, on the basis of Philippians 3:12-15, he had done so. But what should he preach? How should he shake his people out of their complacency?

The culture and human image provided by Liberalism had been shattered by the collapse of once-mighty nations in World War I. No longer could anyone assert earnestly the autosuggestion of Émile Coué: "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better!" The human race had entered upon a crisis, and this called for a new, relevant theology.

Liberal thought had not concerned itself with a personal God; it understood him rather as "World Principle." Christ was not God and Savior; he was a religious genius and the founder of one of the world religions. The Bible was not revelation; it was a very interesting, but in many points a questionable, piece of world literature. Faith had become simply a personal religious experience—sometimes considered more psychological than religious.[2]

In his *Commentary on Romans,* Karl Barth tried to direct our attention away from ourselves toward God alone. God, he explained, is not a principle which we

[1] *Pietists were adherents of Pietism, which is almost synonymous with asceticism and individual regeneration. The movement originated in Germany in the 17th century, and out of it developed the Moravian Church. John Wesley's teaching was a form of Pietism.*—EDS.

[2] *For an understanding of ideas that helped reshape Liberalism in America during this period, see* Bowne: He Restored Belief in God as a Person, *June, page 25.*—EDS.

have thought out; He is the "totally other." Barth's comments demolished the older theology and made place for the holy and transcendent God of the Bible.

Critics objected immediately that Barth should acknowledge the results of biblical criticism and admit that the biblical treasure is contained "in earthen vessels." This he did—but, he added, it is still a treasure!

"The fact remains," Barth emphasized, "that God addresses himself to me!" This direct and personal "Thou art the man" is for him the message of Paul's Letter to the Romans. What man thinks about God is less important, Barth declares, for human reason soon reaches its bounds. "What does God think of man?" is the question with which we must read the Bible. But how are we to understand God if he is the "totally other"?

"ONLY IN Jesus Christ!" is Barth's reply. To talk about God means to talk about the humanness of God. Therefore Barth's theology is at base a Christology. His entire thought is Christ-centered. Our understanding of everything must have Jesus Christ as its starting point. And it is God alone who, of his own choosing, can open the way to our understanding of his design. "The natural man," says Barth, "perceives nothing of the Spirit of God."

In contrast to Liberalism, Pietism holds the Bible in high regard and emphasizes the *praxis pietatis*—the life of personal piety. Karl Barth also dealt sharply with this "false path," as he called it. Here again, the Pietistic emphasis on personal feelings called attention to the human side of the religious encounter. Barth recognized the possibility that a structure of personal piety could be built around a self-seeking ego, which then could luxuriate in religious emotion. But this, he pointed out, is an attempt to encompass God within the self.

European Pietism could, of course, be accused of withdrawing to an inward line of defense and neglecting the task of permeating all of public life. But it was at this very point that Activism,[3] certain extreme forms of which also had developed in America, found in Karl Barth a vigorous opponent. "For heaven's sake!" he was compelled to exclaim. "We men can't construct the kingdom of God. God needs witnesses, not managers." [4]

Barth's theology received an unexpected trial by fire. He had gone to Germany in 1932 to teach at the University of Bonn. One year later, Germany experienced the greatest upheaval of its history: Adolf Hitler came to power. Some so-called Christians in Germany proclaimed a "positive Christianity" which was, in reality, nothing but "blood and soil." Many in this group found no contradictions between the nazi movement and their concept of Christianity.

It was only natural that many German Christians officially disassociated themselves with the pseudo-Christian group. This they did by forming the Barmen Synod of the Confessing Church, which split German Protestantism. In 1934, members of the Barmen Synod found themselves in need of a solid and timely declaration of faith in order to survive in the church struggle. The synod sought to define the belief and mission of the Church in the face of the pressure of the nazi German Christians, who carried to an extreme the 19th-century, man-centered Liberal theology and tried to synthesize nazism and Christianity.

The Barmen Declaration, written for this purpose, held the foundation of the Church to be in the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, not in any subordinate revelation in nature or history. It was in large measure the work of Karl Barth, who was forced in 1935 to return to Switzerland because he had refused, as a Swiss citizen, to swear allegiance to Hitler.

The Confessing Church—like Noah's Ark—survived the flood of nazi National Socialism. Today it continues as a movement within the Evangelical Church in Germany.

Through the Barmen Declaration, Karl Barth's dialectical theology found its way into the wider forum of the world. Karl Barth had become a great teacher, feared as well as honored. Along with his fellow Swiss theologian, Emil Brunner, he had influenced strongly not only the Swiss ministry, but also the whole of reformed thought of the present time.

Brunner for a long time was Barth's major partner. But he wrote a treatise, *Nature and Grace*, in which he argued that "Nature" (man himself) as well as "Grace" (God) may give a certain insight into the work of God; and that the endeavors of man himself need not be devoid of good. This notion was horrible to Barth.

For a while other theologians made much of the gap between Barth and Brunner, but recently the difference between the two giants has not been considered so great. It is largely a matter of emphasis of several points of theology basic to both. One observer described the whole argument as "an unedifying spectacle of theological fireworks." It has not been without some harm.

ALL this has affected Methodists at two points: First, Methodism's heritage is that of the revival movement; it could never let go of the value of conversion, of a thoroughgoing decision for Christ. Further, Methodists found themselves a part of a great worldwide missionary movement, a sort of "campaign for Christ." How should they receive Karl Barth's "*Nein*" ("no") to their call to conversion and their missionary zeal?

First of all, there was genuine rejoicing among some Methodists that the Scriptures had been placed again, as in the Reformation, on their proper lampstand. Karl Barth's teaching was surely the end of all merely topical preaching. The fixed and immovable point of this teaching was always "It is written . . ." Barth's call was for a genuinely biblical preaching—preaching that consistently found its basis in the Scriptures.

At the outset, American Methodism was slow to respond to this call. One factor probably was the delay in translating Barth's writing from German into Eng-

[3] *Activism might be regarded as the church in action in contrast to a static policy. In Methodism, it is concerned with programs having specific targets such as missionary expansion, fund-raising, evangelizing, new building programs, and extending the church into new areas.*—EDS.

[4] *For an explanation of enlightened modern Activism, see* We Methodists are Activists! *January, 1961, page 14.*—EDS.

Gentle-Mannered Iconoclast

"HE HAS always been my best friend, a close comrade who reflects and encourages true attachment and true freedom. The great knowledge which he possesses . . . he has never used for exerting formal authority over his children."

This tribute by one of his sons, Markus, stamps Karl Barth as a charming personality and a thoroughly tolerant individual.

Another insight is gleaned from the story of his romance. While he was an assistant preacher in Geneva, Switzerland, fresh from the universities, his love of music drew him to a young violinist, Nelly Hoffman. They were married March 26, 1913. Now 70, she still plays the violin for him.

And when he was 40 years old, he learned English—by reading detective stories. For years he has been an avid student of the U.S. Civil War.

Karl Barth, son of a Protestant minister and professor of church history, was born in Basel, Switzerland, in 1886. After studying at the Universities of Bern, Berlin, Tübingen, and Marburg, he was ordained in the Swiss Evangelical Reformed Church.

In 1911, he began 10 years as "Herr Pastor" of the only church in the village of Safenwil (population 2,000). Although they lived in a neutral land, his parishioners were shaken by World War I and the political-social revolution it brought on. In such an atmosphere, the pastor sought to give them a reliable anchor. As a "religious socialist," he helped organize labor as a practical demonstration of his concern for his flock.

But his parishioners needed more than material security, which had been blown up for people in neighboring nations. They floundered for a meaning to life in a world of evaporating beliefs. Seeking answers, Barth concluded that the man-oriented Liberal theology he had been taught in seminary offered no solution. But when he delved anew into the Scriptures, he found the root of his theology—analyzed by Bishop Sigg in the accompanying article—that Christianity begins with God revealed in Christ, rather than in man's understanding of God.

His disturbing theology promptly brought an invitation to teach in the German University of Göttingen. Later he was a professor at Münster, then he accepted a chair in the University of Bonn. When he lost his post because of his courageous stand against the Nazis, he was welcomed at once as professor of theology in the University of Basel, his hometown, where after a 25-year tenure he now is professor emeritus.

During World War II, Barth served as a volunteer soldier in the Swiss auxiliary (home guard). His son, Markus, recounts an incident which occurred in that period. A comrade in arms asked, "Karli, what can you do in order not to be mixed up with that famous professor of theology?" Keeping a straight face, Barth replied, "Well, sometimes I can do little to prevent it."

Karl Barth visited the United States for the first time in 1962. His son, Markus, is professor of New Testament in the University of Chicago Divinity School. Markus will move to Pittsburgh Theological Seminary this fall. Another son, Christoph, is a professor in the University of Jakarta, Indonesia; a married daughter lives in Europe; another son, Matthias, was killed in a mountain accident; and the youngest son is an artist in Basel.

This picture shows Karl Barth, today's "outstanding Protestant theologian," reviewing lecture notes at the University of Chicago during a U.S. visit last year.

Even with his heavy schedule of teaching, writing, and lecturing, Karl Barth always has found time to preach to prisoners in the Basel jail, to assist in ecumenical efforts, to listen rapturously to good music, to keep a close eye on politics, to travel, to counsel students individually, to show an interest in people, and to enjoy a rich homelife. Truly, he knows whereof he writes in discussing God's relation to mankind.—H. E. LANGENDORFF

lish. In recent years, however, Barth's call is being heeded increasingly by Methodist preachers.

I was still a very young pastor when Karl Barth began to pound me with the hammer of his teaching: "Have I converted myself, or have I been converted? Have I decided for Christ, or has Christ decided for me?"

It seemed to me that Barth was right. We Methodists were in danger of emphasizing too strongly what was up to us to do, rather than proclaiming what God had done for us, and what he still was doing. The danger is that we magnify ourselves instead of glorifying Christ. But I believe, in spite of all this, that it would be a denial of our task were we to cease calling men to personal decision. Certainly, it is God who has acted in Jesus Christ. But Scripture is equally plain in asserting that man must decide for himself. God places man in the moment of decision.

Karl Barth once was asked in a discussion if assurance of salvation were attainable. "No!" he cried—

> *"The Church never thinks, speaks, or acts 'on principle.' Rather it judges spiritually and by individual cases. . . . It preserves the freedom to judge each new event afresh. If yesterday it traveled along one path, it is not bound to keep to the same truth today."*
>
> —KARL BARTH

and then explained to the perplexed assembly that "assurance of salvation cannot be attained; God gives it!" With this, Methodists can heartily agree.

Methodist theology is a missionary theology, for we are to proclaim the Word of God, clear and unadulterated, and at the same time engage in conversation with modern man in his own perplexities and problems. It is good that the basic motivation of all our efforts be called into question. And we Methodists need to let ourselves be told that too much is done in our church for the sake of our own name.

Theologians awaited eagerly the volume in Barth's great work, *Church Dogmatics,* in which he at last would speak of Christian ethics. This did not occur until volume eight, *The Command of God, the Creator.* But in this volume Barth simply developed further his dogmatic system, declaring "Christian ethics" to be inseparable from "Christian dogmatics." As he had said before, "The one Word of God is Gospel *and* Law: no Law for itself and independent from the Gospel. . . . It is first Gospel and then Law."

In other words, Karl Barth teaches an ethics of grace. If we really believe in Jesus Christ and trust in him alone, then our actions must at all times and in all places grow directly and consistently out of our fellowship with him. An admonition to us all! Although he speaks of fellowship with Christ, Karl Barth is a staunch opponent of making Christ harmless and familiar.

When Karl Barth terms prayer and preaching the foundation of theology, the Methodist feels compelled to add as a third element "pastoral care"—the care of souls—even at the risk of Barth's accusation of "psychologism." It is true, on the other hand, that much of today's "pastoral care" has sent its roots deeper into psychology than into the Scriptures.

Methodists can agree fully with Barth's doctrine of the Church. If the Church is essentially "the fellowship of believers," then the state church is a very questionable structure. Equally clear, and equally appreciated by Methodists, is Karl Barth's concept of various offices within the congregation being guided not merely by political considerations but by the Holy Spirit. The logical consequence of this is not only that the layman is also and equally a minister, but that he may indeed preach. Whoever reads Barth with open eyes must recognize in his thought vital starting points toward genuinely ecumenical thought.

To our great astonishment, Roman Catholics show an excellent understanding of Karl Barth. Hans Urs von Balthasar and Hans Küng [the latter stirred up much Protestant interest during recent lectures in the United States] both have dedicated books to him, and, in his forewords to their books, Barth praises their understanding of his theology. Roman Catholic theologians, especially in Europe, recognize Barth as one of the exceptionally gifted teachers of the Church.

In recent years, Karl Barth has won new friends and at the same time new enemies—especially for his stand on the East-West political-ideological conflict. He condemns the tendency among many elements in the West to subvert Christianity to serve the selfish ends of the profit system. He sees such materialism as an evil equal to Marxism: both, he charges, deny spirituality. Barth is adamant: there must be absolute separation of church and state; neither a government nor business must be permitted to use Christianity as a tool. Christianity cannot be equated with any system of politics or economics; it is above all human structures.

Can anyone, it is asked, actually count communism as harmless? Is it right for Karl Barth to say simply that the Christian West is not a set of values that can be defended by political means, but is one which must be continually reformed and reformulated through faith?

Many churches in eastern Europe have come to regard the standpoint of Karl Barth and his friend, Martin Niemöller (who spent several years in a concentration camp for defying the Nazis), as a sign that the unity of the church and the works of peace remain unbroken.

THE THEME of Karl Barth's last lecture before retirement at the University of Basel was *Love.* It was significant that an old fighter should reserve his highest praise for *Love.*

In consideration of Barth's work, his gifts, and the controversies he aroused, one may safely concur with the *Dictionary of the Christian Church* that "his personal prestige, based largely upon his distinctive and forthright standpoint, has given him the position of the outstanding Protestant theologian and perhaps the most notable Christian prophet of our times."

Grandma Lavisky's Memory Garden

By VIOLA BURCH

WHEN GRANDMA Lavisky came to live with her daughter in the big stone house back of ours, I felt sorry for her.

Her daughter managed one of the family stores downtown, and the two children were in school. The housemaid and the gardener pretended they could not understand Mrs. Lavisky's speech, an English-German mixture. She was lonesome as she plodded round and round the block day after day.

I felt it my duty to befriend her, and so I greeted her one day when she walked by while I was transplanting an azalea near the edge of our front yard. She stopped and, viewing me with untrusting eyes, grudgingly grunted a sullen "Guten morgen." Then stony silence. Yet she was intrigued by the plant I had been working with, and she moved on a bit reluctantly.

"Poor thing," I thought, "she's foreign and aloof, but she loves flowers. That makes us kindred souls."

Two days later, over the back fence, I made another try. This time *she* was planting something. "What are you planting this fine morning?" I asked cheerily.

She rose quickly and turned flashing eyes on me, then placed her large, full-skirted frame squarely between me and her flowers.

"Please," she muttered, "sie lif da, Ich lif hier. Ve no bodder other, please!"

"Oh—of course not," I stammered. "Just thought we might get acquainted."

Squelched, I decided to "lif" strictly on my side of the fence—at least until I could discover a more appealing approach. When I went out to water my new azalea later that day, it was gone.

Next morning when Grandma Lavisky was on her daily stroll, I watched from an upstairs window. Trudging with heavy dignity, she glanced furtively at the neighbors' gardens, then at their windows. She stopped at the far end of a border. Suddenly, like a chicken hawk, she swooped down, snatched up a handful of pinks and larkspur by the roots, popped them into a paper bag, stuck it under her full, black coat, and walked on.

I was amused, then angry in her defense. The idea of the forlorn creature having to steal flowers!

Others noticed her carryings-on. Rose Askew, who lived at the corner, expressed the general feeling: "If she were a child, I'd spank her and then give her an armful. But she's a dignified old lady. Why, I can't even let her know I was looking. Is she mentally ill?"

We threshed it out over Lib Tyner's coffee the following week. "Maybe she's a 'klepto,'" someone speculated. Yet there was no evidence that she was deranged. She was retired, but helped to manage three stores in which she had a financial interest. When we learned that, we gave up.

Grandma was able to get things out from under our noses. All summer the collecting and planting and cultivating went on just beyond our fence.

Mrs. Lavisky usually was up with the birds, working with her hoe. Her ever-expanding garden became a thing of beauty. Watching it grow, I recognized plants from every garden in the neighborhood—among them my white azalea, red verbena, and a precious Japanese lily we had bought in Florida.

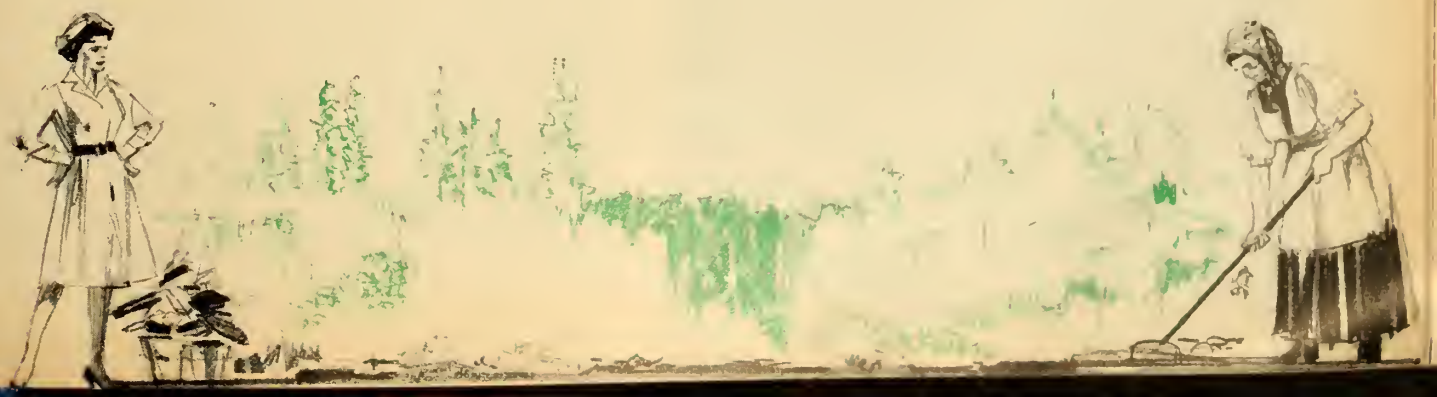
One day I tried a new approach. "You have a lovely garden," I said as she leaned on her hoe for a moment's rest while I was hanging out the washing. Then she surprised me, smiling wanly as she replied:

"Yah. Yah, at last long years. Vunce in Old Vorld I hat beautiful garten—in Latvia." Her voice almost faded, and her eyes were sad. "I vas leetle chile. Two times—tree times dey come marching, marching, marching, and make it all down. German soldiers. Russian soldiers.

"Dey kill mein fater, and turn mein mutter unt seffen leetle vuns in street to starve. Ven I cry, dey laugh. Der soldiers pull up mein plantings, zo I say to me, 'Hannah, vun day ven you no vork no more, you *take* your garten back. Make de vorld sacrifice it back to you. Gott mit uns! Yah, yah, dey ist lufly!"

She waved her arms triumphantly above the blossoms and returned to her hoeing as I stood speechless.

Her memory garden! May its beauty and our understanding love erase the bitterness that prompted it, I said to myself. With time and the right approach, I believe our neighborhood can help Mrs. Lavisky heal her wounded soul.



LYNA PATRICK
Marching Grandmother

NOT ONLY boys but girls, too, need organized outlets for bubbling physical energy. That's the conviction of Mrs. Lyna Patrick of Meadville, Pa., where Mrs. Patrick's name is synonymous with physical fitness for girls. Mother of three children and grandmother of six, she is the organizer and trainer of the Showoffs, 60 girls who do precision drills, marches, dances, and baton twirling. The marching grandmother and her girls perform the year around for parades, football and basketball games, variety shows, and entertainments for hospitals, orphanages, and retirement homes. Their handsome trophy collection represents honors won in drill-team competition as far as 500 miles from home.

Besides directing three weekly rehearsals and as many as 50 performances a year, Mrs. Patrick helps the girls make their uniforms and organizes rummage and bake sales to pay for team trips. At Meadville's Stone Methodist Church, where she and her husband are members, Mrs. Patrick has served as a Junior MYF sponsor—and, naturally, choreographer for the church's presentation of the popular Christmas opera, Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors.*

UNUSUAL METHODISTS

FABAN S. CLARK
Pastor-Postmaster

WHEN PLANS were made in 1952 to revitalize moribund Methodist work in a dozen small country churches around Ripley, Miss., rural mail carrier Faban S. Clark was asked to become supply pastor of four of them. One had been closed and was being used to store livestock feed; the others were scarcely more active. But Mr. Clark, whose previous church-leadership experience had been limited to counseling a Methodist Youth Fellowship group, agreed to tackle the job. He organized church schools and youth groups, conducted religious surveys, led regular worship and prayer meetings. Response to his energetic leadership has been vigorous and sustained.

Now, with added responsibilities as postmaster in Ripley, Pastor Clark also has increased his church work. His expanded circuit has eight congregations. A fine new building has replaced the church once used as a hay shed. Methodists across the state applauded last fall when Mr. Clark was named Mississippi's Rural Minister of the Year, and District Superintendent G. H. Holloman (right in photo) proclaimed a "Faban Clark Day" to honor the energetic pastor-postmaster.

WILLIAM LOECHEL
Medical Illustrator

AN ARTIST sketching in the operating room? It happens often in Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital, where a 40-year-old Methodist, William E. Loechel, is a staff member. Pursuing one of the most specialized occupations in the art field, he is a medical illustrator—one of approximately 130 in the United States.

Working side by side with surgeons, pathologists, and researchers, the medical illustrator is trained in anatomy as well as art. Unlike the camera's lens, which indiscriminately "sees" too much, the artist selectively portrays only essential elements. The pictures he produces, from observations in the operating room and from specimens in the laboratory, are used in the hospital's teaching program. And, when reproduced in medical textbooks and journals, they convey new knowledge to doctors in other places, even to future medical generations. Mr. Loechel is coauthor of an anatomical atlas and has done illustrations for more than 40 other books.

A native of Maryland, Mr. Loechel has been on the Detroit hospital staff three years. He lives with his wife and three children in suburban Birmingham, where they are members of First Methodist Church.

Many interesting and exceptional people are among Methodism's millions. Here are four you'd enjoy meeting.

RAY JONES
Athlete-Scholar-Scout

TO FANS of athletic teams at South High School in Pueblo, Colo., Ray Jones is a familiar name. Graduated this year, Ray rounded out his high-school sports career undefeated in three years of wrestling competition, and was named top athlete in three sports. But his achievements only began with sports. An A student and National Honor Society member, he plans prelaw studies with the scholarships he won.

At Pueblo's Scott Methodist Church, where Ray's parents and their nine children have been leaders many years, Ray has been superintendent, secretary, and a teacher of the church school.

Among many honors which have showered the young Coloradoan, some of the most significant have been through the Boy Scout program, which he joined as a Cub in 1954. Besides attaining the top rank of Eagle, he received the God and Country Award and the Order of the Arrow. Climax of his Scouting career came early this year when, with 11 other boys from across the nation, he represented the 26,480 boys of his region in delivering the Scouts' annual Report to the Nation—to President Kennedy at the White House.

When a Little Leaguer gets sent down to the 'farm team,' it's . . .

Three Strikes and a *Bawl*

By EMILY C. HARRIS *A Together in the Home Feature*

IF YOU think you don't like baseball, chances are you have never scrubbed grass stains from the knees of a uniform bearing the Little League emblem.

Little League is a world of its own, subsisting mainly on bubble gum, where even best friends are known only by their last names and batting averages are more important than report cards. It is a world populated by catchers who deliver the evening paper, shortstops who have to practice the piano before every game, first basemen who mow lawns to buy their gloves—and by one particular center fielder who happens to be my son. Professional baseball is insipid in comparison.

The rules are the same, with slight modification for size and age. The umpires are just as tough. Little League umpires, like the managers and coaches, donate their time. They suffer the same lapses of judgment and eyesight so characteristic of their professional colleagues. One remarked to my husband that he didn't mind umpiring the games between 11 and 12-year-olds, but dreaded being assigned to the younger players' games.

"With the bigger kids, the managers bawl out the umpire," he said sadly, "but with these little guys, it's the mothers who chase you around the field."

We had our first experience with Little League the summer when Gordon, our oldest son, nine, was assigned to a "farm team." This is the polite designation for boys who seldom catch a ball and haven't the faintest notion where to throw it if it happens to land in their glove. The first few games were a nightmare to all who beheld them, particularly Mr. Cole, the manager. Undaunted by pitchers who could walk an entire team without a single strike, fielders who could not throw as far as second base, and batters who burst into tears when they struck out, he worked slowly and patiently.

In managing a team of eight and nine-year-olds, patience is required to preserve sanity. It is also helpful for parents to possess at least a modicum of it if they plan to attend the games and still live with their children afterwards.

MR. COLE set a splendid example for the rest of us, lapsing into a fit of near-apoplexy only on rare occasions. These usually were prompted by his own son, who was also a member of the team. I began to get the feeling that he was only human after all. This was an opinion not shared by Gordon, who considered him a "real neat guy" and therefore above the realm of ordinary humanity. Anyone capable of evoking such loyalty obviously was meant to be a Little League manager. Win or lose, this was a very lucky team!

As a rookie mother, I soon learned that anywhere within 10 yards of the dugout is off limits for females, although fathers are tolerated there with a certain amount of condescension. If it is a cold day and I am sure Gordon should have his jacket between innings, I can only wish for a carrier pigeon. Failing that, I sometimes enlist the help of a stranger, cautioning him not to mention the word "mother" in executing his errand. It seems that simply *having* a mother is embarrassing enough, without the word being spoken.

A possible exception to the dugout taboo on females is the manager's wife. Mrs. Cole attends every game faithfully and has established a certain rapport with the boys their own mothers cannot achieve in the vicinity of the ball field. To her falls the task of maintaining a lost and found department (mostly dirty sweatshirts indistinguishable to all except their owners), collecting for the annual photograph, and making arrangements for the team picnic. She also has a knack for dispensing bandages and sympathy without being sloppy about it. Our team is frequently in need of both.

That first summer our Veeps,

sponsored by a hardware store, achieved a record of 15 consecutive losses. Then they began to win. In the last five games they were the unbeatable terror of the league. I don't know whether Gordon learned anything about good citizenship or responsibility, but he had 15 excellent lessons in "How to Lose," administered by his peers. How many parents can accomplish such a task?

By the time of the turn of fortune, most parents had overcome the urge to invite friends to watch a game. Our own experience has been that one of two things is bound to happen, both equally hard to explain to someone who has driven 20 miles just to see Gordon play: for the first time all year, he is benched for the entire game, or he strikes out three times in a row and drops an easy fly ball with two men on base. It is simply no use talking about how well he did in the *last* game—friends may be polite, but you cannot blame them for being skeptical. Similar experiences discouraged most other parents from issuing invitations, and the Veeps showed marked improvement.

At the close of the first season, Gordon had distinguished himself with a batting average of .652, and received a certificate to prove it. Having established his prowess in a league of eight and nine-year-olds, he was chosen next year to play on the "majors." With a current batting average of .075, it is unlikely that Gordon will receive (or want!) a certificate proclaiming it. But the dizzy descent of his average has in no way dampened his enthusiasm for the game.

During a short but inconvenient illness, Gordon spent a lot of time propped up in bed wearing his glove and wondering how the team could possibly manage without him. It is remarkable how a boy who succumbs to the slightest sniffle from September to June can conceal a temperature of 102 degrees on a baseball diamond.

When finally put to bed, Gordon could still stare glassily at the schedule and predict a complete recovery in time to play the Raiders at six o'clock the next afternoon. By morning, the symptoms were unmistakable, despite his insistence that no one ever heard of a center fielder having the measles. While the team weathered the crisis by winning two games without him, we learned at home that measles-of-the-baseball-player is a disease only hardy parents can survive.

ONE OF the pleasant things about Little League is that it can be enjoyed by the whole family. Our two preschoolers spend hours playing happily with the other youngsters behind the backstop. An occasional scream brings a mother on the run, usually to find the group engaged in good clean fun like pouring sand in one another's hair.

Frequently they emerge in a grimy mass to demand orange sodas or ice cream. With uncanny timing, they make this onslaught at a tense point in a game when peace at the price of an orange soda seems cheap indeed. By play-off time, even toddling opportunists manage to consume two or three bottles of pop per game. This results in a brisk business for the service station around the corner, which provides rest rooms and an occasional balloon for steady customers.

By happy coincidence, baseball season draws to a close at precisely the moment my stomach and my husband refuse to accept another hot dog in place of dinner. Then I return to the kitchen and the Harrises return to a well-balanced diet. For months, I have consoled myself with the thought that mustard really is a yellow vegetable and, anyway, one should not allow trivial things like food to stand in the way of sharing a child's interests.

You might call our town of Fairfax, Va., a baseball-minded community. It is typical of thousands of Little League towns all over the country. Seven baseball diamonds are in constant use every evening and all day Saturday throughout the summer. Forty-five business sponsors keep the teams going, along with many others designated as "boosters," who have come forth with smaller donations. Financial assistance is received also from an active auxiliary of mothers who maintain the Snack Bar and sponsor frequent bake sales, and from fathers who sell Christmas trees in the off-season. The town of Fairfax and the Washington Senators help with small contributions. Uniforms and equipment, except for gloves, are provided from this fund. Sponsoring merchants provide fringe benefits ranging from free hamburgers for hungry players to dry cleaning.

On opening day the mayor tosses out the first ball to a frenzied mass of boyhood in new uniforms, signaling the end of normal activities for hundreds of families for the next three months.

While munching the last hot dog of the season and scraping the 19th wad of bubble gum off my shoes, I know I will be there again next year and the year after. When Gordon is too old, Keith will be eligible—then Steven. We figure we have at least eight more seasons of Little League madness ahead. And more dirty uniforms to scrub than I dare to contemplate.

"All the acoustical blocks in the world do not quiet the noisy child who just does not want to be in church. . . . The problem is not so much that the preacher is bothered . . . but that the members find it difficult to hear."

MIDMONTH POWWOW

What do ministers really think about . . .

The Noisy Child in Church?

'Leave him at home or take him out,'

Says WILLIAM A. LUFBURROW
Executive Vice-President, Goodwill Industries
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

"SUFFER THE little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Surely Jesus did not utter that when he was in the middle of a sermon!

Or did he? Jesus did most of his preaching out of doors where God's

**An ordained Methodist minister on special appointment, Mr. Lufburrow also preaches every Sunday in nearby churches.*—EDS.

heaven was his only roof, and the cries of the children in the congregation were carried toward the skies. What is more, the mothers of his day may have known enough to take their crying children away from the crowd so his sermon could go on—and be heard. Much of his wisdom certainly would have been lost if some of our present-day children had put on a typical Sunday-morning routine for him as they do for the preachers of today.

In the 1960s, worship services in small churches as well as large are plagued with the voices of crying and chattering children whose parents seem to take great delight in saying sh-h-h in the middle of the Silent Prayer. All the acoustical blocks in the world do not quiet the noise of a child who just does not want to be in church. We ministers say to the parents: "Of course, bring the children to church. A good foundation is necessary." But many of us wish we had the nerve to say: "Please, Mrs. Jones, let's try it one Sunday without the kids."

After putting a lot of thought, time, and effort into preparing a sermon during the week, a minister would like to be heard on Sunday morning.

The problem is not so much that the preacher is bothered by the noise of the child, but that the members of the congregation find it difficult to hear what he is saying.

When the weekly wail begins, I see those who nudge one another and whisper: "Isn't he cute?" Others frown as though they were trying to listen but simply could not. A few stare at the mother as if to say: "Where are your manners this morning?" But some mothers never seem to take the hint. They are so interested in seeing that Johnny gets used to attending church they have not even waited until he has gotten beyond the bottle stage.

The minister also sees mothers who wait until their last bit of patience has been exhausted. Then they grab the small offender by the hand and roughly lead him to the vestibule where a spanking makes him cry all the louder.

What is the answer? Some churches have built "crying rooms," where mothers and children can sit behind soundproof glass and see and hear the minister without disturbing the rest of the worshipers. Some have nurseries where young children can be left to play under proper supervision. In still others, church school is conducted during one of the Sunday-morning services, and children can learn while their parents worship. A few churches have children's chapels. Some ministers simply ask their wives to set the example by removing their own youngsters from the service at the first whimper.

The minister cannot speak frankly on the subject, for nothing hurts a church more than to have its people think their minister is not interested in their children. If the preacher is patient, the troublesome child will learn—eventually—to be still.

But if the preacher cannot wait that long, or if he has a constant supply of little ones, all he can do is write an article about it. Some parents may read it and realize that a conscientious minister does truly love the little children, but when these same beloveds disturb the morning service they are more suffered with than suffered.

'The children belong in the church,'

Says Ben B. St. Clair

Pastor, West End Methodist Church
Nashville, Tennessee

CHILDREN in the worship service? Of course!

Theologically, children *are* in the Church. The proposed revision of the order for the sacrament of Baptism reads:

"Those receiving this Sacrament are thereby marked as Christian disciples, and initiated into the fellowship of Christ's holy church. Our Lord has expressly given to little children a place among the people of God, which holy privilege must not be denied them." Parents are asked to promise that the child "learn to give reverent attendance on the private and public worship of God."

Then, addressing the congregation, the minister says: "We, by the sacrament of Baptism, recognize this child as a member of the family of God, duly received into the fellowship of believers."

Furthermore, a baptized child in The Methodist Church is enrolled as a preparatory member. The church has assumed responsibility for his Christian nurture. This nurture includes teaching and participation in corporate worship.

Young children will probably best be nurtured in rooms provided for them. In our church, school children will be found in both regular morning worship services. They are welcome. Provision also is made for them in an expanded session. It is their choice, along with their parents.

The worship service admittedly is on an adult level. This does not mean it is unintelligible to boys and girls. They participate in prayer, reading of the Scriptures, the offerings, and—hopefully—even a portion of the sermon. The Wesley and Epworth choirs (boys and girls) sing once each month. Boys in the pastor's membership class receive the offering on occasion.

Children should be given an opportunity to grow into the habit of church attendance. The discipline of attention and learning to be reverent will be a valuable experience.

I believe children will receive

something from a good service by the process of absorption. A child does not wholly understand the significance of Christmas, but he absorbs some of the wonder, and awe, and meaning. Wise parents will allow him to participate in the Christmas activities on his level, and not expect adult behavior from him. Just so, wise parents with children in church will allow them to participate in the service on their level, realizing that they cannot fully understand the total significance of all that takes place. Occasionally, a child may have to leave early. Pastor, parents, and congregation will understand that this is a part of his learning process.

Recently I noticed that a young couple with three children, ages nine, seven, and five, who had appeared regularly on the front row at the 8:30 service, suddenly appeared just as regularly in the balcony instead. When I asked why they had changed their seats, the father replied that they were afraid the squirming five-year-old was distracting the pastor. I invited them to return, and they are on the front row again every Sunday—without disturbing.

A wise church-school teacher will help to interpret to the children the meaning of the service. A wise pastor, without compromising standards of worship, will conduct the service in a manner that will help children be at ease.

My earliest memories of church are associated with my family. I am sure I must have squirmed, and written on hundreds of offering envelopes. But the experience of being together with my family in worship was an invaluable and irreplaceable growing experience.

'We give them their own moment,'

Says Les Thompson, Jr.
Pastor, Hillcrest Methodist Church
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

WHAT JESUS said about young children forms a solid foundation for including them in the worship service. Hillcrest Church, with many young families, has had a "Children's Moment" during the Sunday-morning service for nearly eight years.

The children anticipate their time in the service. Some come slowly to the front at the invitation, but most come quickly with broad grins. They listen intently, offer comments, and are quick to answer rhetorical questions (which I have learned to avoid). And occasionally a child will interject a comment which seems appropriate to him.

I use pictures from Methodist church-school literature most of the time, but occasionally I bring in a reproduction of a painting by a great master. And I have drawn pictures myself.

A four-line verse in the bulletin summarizes the children's story of the day. Sometimes it points to a specific teaching or moral; other times it retells, briefly, the story. I often devote as much time to preparing for the children's moment as I do for the sermon.

After the special attention given them up front, the children return to their pews while a hymn is sung, and they seem to be quiet during the remainder of the worship service.

Although the Children's Moments are primarily for the youngsters, I have not been aware of adult restlessness. Often the Children's Moment and the sermon are on the same theme, so the point made to the children is re-emphasized and discussed in adult terms during the sermon.

Most of the children who come forward are preschoolers, though older children are not excluded. Recently one little girl asked me why I wore a robe. I answered: "Because it helps me remember what I'm doing." This seemed to satisfy her. It may have answered the unasked question of some adults, too.

There have been times when I have heard of a new baby at home, or things newly learned in church school. Occasionally there are private conversations between the kids, and sometimes a little pushing between belligerent little boys. But on the whole, there is a remarkable display of attention, because we all take this as a serious part of the worship service.

Children who begin their relationship with the church by coming into the worship services regularly have a distinct advantage over those who have not been allowed to share those important times with their parents. They usually are better behaved, and also better informed.

Every one of these children knows how the elements of Holy Communion are taken and is aware that there is something special about the Sacraments. They may have to wait a few years to understand what the meaning is, but they are years ahead of children—and adults—who have not had an opportunity to learn by doing in worshiping God in the house set aside for this purpose.

Some children are restless, but their parents are learning with them the proper way to behave in a worship service.

Our greatest disturbances come from children who are a little older and are left too much on their own during the services. Parents should be on the row behind such children.

I personally welcome the opportunity of making worship a part of a child's life as early as possible. After all, God is their God, too.

Four Colorado climbers, sparked by a TOGETHER *feature, find it's tough work . . .*

BACKTRACKING 'Father' Dyer

YOU WON'T find Mosquito Pass marked on many Colorado highway maps—and it's probably just as well. Not just any traveler should be encouraged to embark on an excursion over the rock-strewn trail which threads its way to the crest of this 13,180-foot-high pass in the Colorado Rockies.

But to seasoned climbers, it can be a rewarding trip—not just for the scenic vistas of vast, sky-rubbing mountains but also as a journey into the past—when this trail was traversed by one of the West's most colorful (and courageous) Methodist circuit riders.

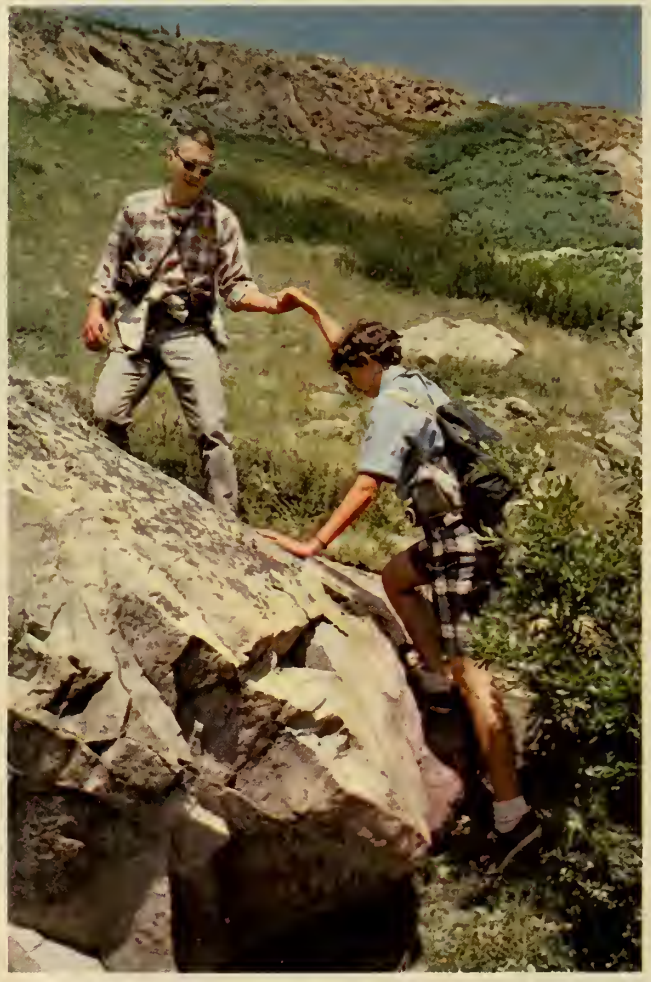
The Mosquito Pass hike pictured on these pages actually started with another TOGETHER article which appeared three years ago. In our April, 1960, issue we published *Bible, Gold Dust, and Skis* [page 34], a brief biographical fea-

High in the dome of Colorado's capitol building is this portrait in stained glass. In his late years, Dyer was state-senate chaplain.

Before beginning their climb, the four hikers stopped in Fairplay to pose before the one-time hotel building which Father Dyer moved here in 1867 for use as a church. Kathy Ellis, Betty Richard, and Phyllis Lane were Marvin Shingler's willing subjects.

ture concerning the remarkable John Lewis Dyer, affectionately (if improbably) known in the gold-rush days of Colorado history as "Father" Dyer. For 29 years, this indefatigable itinerant preached in the rough and tumble mining camps, and in mountain and plains communities of growing respectability as Colorado changed from frontier wilderness to flourishing statehood.

Soon after the TOGETHER article was in print, a transplanted Iowan living in Denver determined to see for herself the memorial marker which modern admirers of Dyer had placed atop Mosquito Pass. In June, 1960, Phyllis Lane drove with two friends from Denver to the spot about five miles beyond the village of Alma where the dirt road dwindles into a trail fit only for jeeps, horses, and hikers. Miss Lane and her friends continued on foot, fording freshets of thawing snow, clambering over boulders,



Marvin gives Phyllis an assist over a boulder. In fair weather, Father Dyer made his trips over the pass on horseback. In storms, he relied on homemade skis.

On a mountain meadow between 11,000 and 12,000 feet, the hikers stop for rest and lunch. Mosquito Range, once heavily worked by the gold seekers, is pocked by deserted mines.

and wading through wide patches of snow. The trail follows roughly the same route used by Father Dyer in the 1860s when, to supplement meager preaching income, he carried mail, express, and gold dust over the pass between the gold camps of Buckskin Joe and Cache Creek. Often the intrepid old preacher struggled through howling storms on the homemade skis he called snowshoes. Between weekly trips, he preached in homes, barns, stores, and saloons—wherever he could get a congregation of miners together.

When Miss Lane returned from her 1960 pilgrimage, she submitted the color slides she had made to TOGETHER's *Methodist Americana* photo invitational. Although they were not chosen for publication in that feature [July, 1961, pages 37 to 44], the mountain trek excited our interest. Would Miss Lane consider retracing her steps—this time with a professional photographer to record the journey? Her answer promptly came back from Denver: "I'd be most happy to go again."

The result is shown in the photographs on these pages, made for TOGETHER by Ed Maker of the *Denver Post*.

Climaxing their trek at the barren 13,180-foot summit, the climbers study the memorial to "the Snow-shoe Itinerant," a sobriquet Father Dyer chose for himself in his 1891 autobiography.

An abandoned miner's shack invites inspection along the trail. Mount Sherman forms the backdrop.

New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls

Always the subject of controversy but now better studied and understood, these documents of an ancient Jewish sect continue to provide fresh insights on the historic roots of our Christian faith. By THURMAN L. COSS

THE STORY of the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls in 1947 by a Bedouin boy looking for a lost goat is no longer new. Wandering near the northwestern shore of the Dead Sea, he came upon a cave (now called "Cave One") about 26 feet deep and 6 feet wide. In it he found a number of leather scrolls inscribed in Hebrew and Aramaic, including a complete text of the Book of Isaiah. Little did he suspect that his discovery would exercise the minds of scholars for generations.[1]

Today, 16 years later, other caves in the cliffs just west of the Dead Sea still are disgorging scrolls, letters, and similar materials. With them, scholars are able to reconstruct the life of a Jewish sect which made its home in that hot, arid wilderness—now a part of Jordan—in the early years of the Christian era.

To get more information about these controversial scrolls and a current report on their significance, I went to Jerusalem last summer to talk with the specialists who are studying and evaluating the 2,000-year-old documents.

The Dead Sea Scrolls now are at the Hebrew University, located on a hill about 2 miles west of the center of the city. There, in a windowless room about 10 feet long and 7 feet wide, 6 of the scrolls lie in sealed glass showcases. At night the room is sealed by a heavy metal door and a strong metal gate—for the scrolls have cost Israel and her friends more than $250,000.

The first scroll I studied as I entered the vault was the text of the Habakkuk Commentary in which the talented French Orientalist, Andre Dupont-Sommer, found a reference some writers thought would sound the death knell for traditional Christianity. Professor Dupont-Sommer argues that this pre-Christian scroll refers to a martyred sectarian leader known as "the Teacher of Righteousness" whose supernatural and glorious reappearance is expected not only in the near future but who has already, in some manner, reappeared to his malefactors.

The majority of Jewish and Christian scholars now agree that Professor Dupont-Sommer's translation, while theoretically possible, is far from convincing. There is no clear reference in any of the Dead Sea Scrolls either to the martyrdom or the resurrection of the Teacher of Righteousness, and there is certainly no evidence that the resurrection figured as prominently in the beliefs of these sectarians as it did in the life of the earliest Christian community.

Reading the very passage upon which Dupont-Sommer based his conjecture, I remembered the words of a Jewish lecturer at the Hebrew University, David Flusser, who said Christianity is not challenged by the Dead Sea Scrolls. To be sure, Christian scholars will want to rethink specific Christian beliefs in the light of these discoveries, but this is the normal expectation of any enlightened faith.

Next I came upon the Manual of Discipline, which describes the life and beliefs of the sect which produced the scrolls. Then came the larger Isaiah scroll, copied about 100 years before Jesus was born. This Hebrew text of the ancient prophet's word is 1,000 years older than any previously known Hebrew text of the Book of Isaiah, but its content is so similar that it reassures scholars that Jewish scribes across the centuries preserved the sacred writings with a minimum of error and variations.

I also saw two jars similar to those in which some of the Dead Sea Scrolls had been placed before they were hidden away in Cave One. One of the jars is about 26 inches high and 8 inches in diameter. Its lid would have provided added protection from dampness and rodents.

Several of the scrolls were purchased for the Hebrew University

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Visiting Israel in 1962, Dr. Coss had to skip a seminar to pursue his own special interest in the Dead Sea Scrolls. Chairman of the department of philosophy and religion at Methodist-related Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., he was finishing up research on a book that would serve as a layman's guide to the Scrolls. Titled *Secrets From the Caves*, the book is scheduled to be published September 9 by Abingdon Press.—EDITORS.

[1] *See* Scholars and Scientists Piece Out the Scrolls, *June, 1959, page 23, and* And He Unrolled the Scroll, *September, 1959, page 2.*—EDS.

by the late E. L. Sukenik, the first scholar in the world to recognize the antiquity and the value of the Dead Sea Scrolls. As early as the fall of 1947, Professor Sukenik acquired a scroll of Thanksgiving Psalms, a small Isaiah scroll, and the so-called War Scroll, which describes in detail the final battles between the sons of light and the sons of darkness.

The leather of this Isaiah scroll and the scroll of Psalms is so discolored that infrared photography was used to bring out the text. Thanks to modern scholarship and modern science, the Hebrew texts of most of the major Dead Sea Scrolls now have been photographed and published.

Among pictures in the vault was one of Samuel Gottesman, who helped Israel purchase four Dead Sea Scrolls which, until June, 1954, were in the hands of Athanasius Samuel. Prior to 1954, Samuel had been the Syrian Church's archbishop-metropolitan of Jerusalem, living in St. Mark's Monastery in the Old City.

The story of the initial discoveries of the scrolls is a tale of secret and clandestine activities, both by the Bedouins and by some men closely associated with St. Mark's Monastery. These men were so eager to find ancient treasures that they failed to notify authorities at Jordan's Department of Antiquities and later sold "their" scrolls to Metropolitan Samuel for what may have seemed to them a fortune, but which we now recognize to be a ridiculously low price.

In 1954, when Archbishop Samuel offered his four scrolls for sale in the *Wall Street Journal*, Professor Sukenik's son, Professor Yigael Yadin (a former general in the Israeli army and archaeologist) immediately took steps to buy the scrolls for Israel. Gottesman gave $150,000 toward the purchase and the American Fund for Israeli Institutions contributed another $100,000. Thus these four scrolls, along with the three purchased earlier by Professor Sukenik, came together once more in Israel.

When I was at the Hebrew University, where a new building to house the scrolls is being completed, the Genesis Apocryphon (formerly known as the Lamech Scroll), was missing. I did not find anyone who could tell its exact location. It is a good guess, however, that this very fragile leather record in the Aramaic language is kept under lock and key in a separate place where the scholars can continue their study of its contents without being disturbed.

When the Genesis Apocryphon was discovered, it was rolled so tightly and the leather was in such advanced decay that it seemed doubtful it ever could be unrolled without destroying much of the writing. But subjecting the leather to controlled humidity and temperature restored its pliability. The complete text of this scroll has not yet been published, but the portion which has been revealed to the public is of considerable interest.

Professor Yadin once remarked that if the Aramaic text of the Genesis Apocryphon were translated and published in a paperback with an appropriate cover, it would sell very well at corner drugstores.

One section describes in glowing and graphic detail the beauty of Sarah, Abraham's wife. Another story, though incomplete in the present scroll, probably originally told how the baby Noah, while still in the hands of the midwife, began to converse with the Lord of Righteousness. Lamech, Noah's father, considers these strange and marvelous occurrences and begins to doubt his own paternity. Bat-Enosh, his wife, suppresses her anger at this questioning of her virtues and insists that Lamech, not the angels of heaven, is the father of her son.

The scrolls were found at Qumran, 15 miles from Jerusalem.

Since these stories turn out to be a free paraphrase and elaboration of stories already known to us from the Book of Genesis, this scroll is appropriately called a Genesis Apocryphon.

The Dead Sea Scrolls were found in Jordan, not in Israel. But, thanks to the wisdom of Professor Sukenik and what G. Lankester Harding, director of the Jordanian Department of Antiquities, has called the smuggling activities of the Metropolitan Samuel, seven of the original Dead Sea Scrolls now are in Israel. Jordan, however, still has thousands of papyrus and leather fragments representing hundreds of scrolls which have come from 11 caves in the Qumran area—a name given to the site of the ancient community of Jews who produced the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Jordan, for instance, has all the fragments and manuscripts from Cave Four. The Bedouins found this cave in 1952. Since then, it has produced fragments of more than 380 manuscripts, about one fourth of them biblical scrolls. Every book in the Old Testament, with the exception of Esther, is represented.

Most recently, word has come out of Jordan about a Psalms scroll just unrolled. Written during the first century of the Christian era, this scroll from Cave Eleven contains almost a third—the last third—of the Psalms found in our English Bibles. However, the order is not the same, and there is a 151st Psalm known previously only from the Septuagint, a Greek translation of the Old Testament.

Jordan's most publicized scroll, and perhaps still the most enigmatic of all the Dead Sea Scrolls, is of copper. Found in two sections in Cave Three on March 20, 1952, it was not opened until 1955.

Due to the extreme oxidation of the metal, special care had to be exercised lest the rolls disintegrate. H. Wright Baker, professor at the Manchester (England) College of Technology, solved the problem by

Marketed by the Bedouin, some scroll fragments are smaller than a fingernail. Piecing them together takes steady hands, tweezers, and much scholarly patience.

The Scroll caves are in these cliffs across the gorge. On the plateau is Qumran; darker in the distance is the Dead Sea.

coating the copper rolls with a tough plastic skin and then, literally, sawing the scroll into rectangular pieces—so skillfully that he did not destroy a single letter.

The most baffling mystery of this copper scroll is the meaning of the text itself. It appears to be a kind of verbal treasure map which lists the hiding places for more than 200 tons of gold and silver. Professor John Allegro of the University of Manchester is so sure the scroll describes real treasure that he has gone to Jordan to search for some of the 60 caches listed on the scroll. Harvard Professor Frank Moore Cross, on the other hand, notes that descriptions of the burial places are so vague as to make finding of the treasures almost impossible.

In the spring of 1960, Israeli searchers aided by aerial reconnaissance set out to look for more scrolls and treasures in the cliff caves just west of the Dead Sea and immediately south of the present Israeli-Jordanian border. Sometimes a scout supported only by a rope would dangle in midair to study a cave in a cliff. Rope ladders provided the only access to many caves.

The most spectacular finds were made by Professor Yadin's crew as they explored a mammoth cave on the northern slope of the Wadi Hever. One member crawled through a narrow passageway which led off from the third and deepest chamber of this cave and found human skulls and other bones. Professor Yadin believes these are the remains of men, women, and children who either starved or were killed when the Jews led by Bar Kokheba engaged in a second Jewish revolt against Rome in A.D. 132-35. The remains of a Roman campsite on top of the cliff seems to confirm the belief that this area was long under siege.

OF MORE direct interest to students of the Dead Sea Scrolls is a fragment of the Book of Psalms found April 3, 1960. Roughly 2 inches square, it contains 7 lines of script which show clearly that we have here a portion of Psalm 15 and the beginning of Psalm 16.

Professor Yadin dates the writings of this parchment to the second half of the first century A.D. He is convinced that the script of this Psalm fragment is later than that used in most of the Dead Sea Scrolls but definitely earlier than that found in the biblical fragments of the Bar Kokheba period which have come from the Wadi Hever.

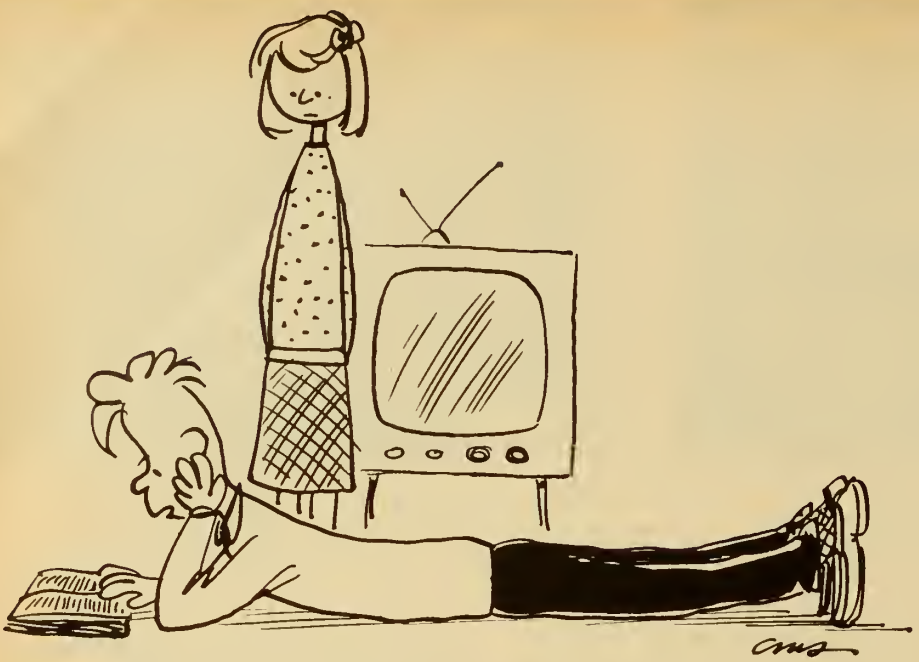
On the same day the Psalms fragment was found, another member of the Yadin crew discovered a collection of 15 letters from Bar Kokheba to 2 men named Yehonatan and Masabala. These letters have no direct connection with the sectarian Jews who produced the Dead Sea Scrolls. Their main value is in providing examples of handwriting of known age which will enable specialists to date the scrolls with greater precision.

A second Israeli expedition returned to the Wadi Hever in March, 1961, for further exploration. Again, it was Professor Yadin's group which discovered more than 40 additional inscribed documents and letters on papyrus in the very same Cave of the Letters. Some have not yet been published. At least one is a marriage contract, and another discusses the problem of guardianship for an orphan.

There was a time when the heat generated by the battle of the scrolls exceeded the light which came from them. It was charged in one sector that New Testament scholars were afraid to deal with the scrolls because cherished dogmas were in danger. Another writer assured the public that a thorough knowledge of the scrolls would "set the woods afire in rural America and disturb all our churchgoing people."

This, of course, has not been the case. The significance of the scrolls is that they introduce us to a Jewish sect that lived near the Dead Sea during and just prior to the time Jesus was engaged in his active ministry. From their literature, we learn how they interpreted Scripture, how they lived, and what they believed. Their copies of biblical books enable us to recheck the accuracy of the biblical texts we have been using. Their use of the Hebrew and Aramaic languages gives us invaluable information about the growth of these tongues.

In short, the Dead Sea Scrolls introduce us to a new dimension in Jewish thought at the time of Jesus which undoubtedly will shed new light on our understanding of the emerging Christian church.



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Don't bother me . . . I'm looking for a verse of Scripture to back up one of my preconceived notions!"

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

DO YOU enjoy your family vacations? Do you look forward to taking trips with your father, mother, brothers, and sisters? A surprising number of teen-agers say that they don't. They object to leaving their friends, especially their steadies. They are unhappy about spending days away from familiar places and things; they complain about the work involved, particularly on camping trips. Are you this way?

When you were little, you loved every minute of every vacation. It was fun being with your daddy day after day. Work was no problem. New scenes were exciting. You enjoyed the closeness and togetherness which family travel brought you. Remember?

What should you do this summer? Should you ask to stay home, or with friends, while your family is away? I do not think so. Should you go grudgingly, making those around you miserable? Of course not. The thing to do is to pitch in and share the fun with the family. You'll really enjoy the vacation. Wherever you go, there will be other teen-agers to get acquainted with. They will be surprisingly like the gang back home, and you will enjoy them.

Be sure to do your share of the work. Your mother has slaved for you all year long. She will need your help, especially if you take a camping trip. Don't let her stay in camp day after day working, while the others are swimming. Instead, take over for her. Be sure she also gets a good rest.

Many families are unhappy during their vacations because of a teen-ager who pouts. Please don't be that way.

Q:

I'm a girl, 14. My father believes that all teen-agers are bad. Although I've done nothing wrong, he has confined me to our home until I'm 18. I can go only to school and to church. He won't even let me spend the night with my girl friend. I am desperate. Don't I deserve some freedom?—B.R. I believe that you do. I'm sorry your father has restricted you this way. Sometimes parents who are too strict drive their children into doing the very things they seek to avoid. Ask your dad to check his rules with your minister and to talk with the fathers of some of your girl friends. I hope they can persuade him to give you the same freedom the other good girls of your age get.

Q:

My parents were "brains." They got A grades on their report cards all through high school. I get Cs occasionally. When I do, they blow up. My counselor has told me that I have average ability. I'm not lazy. I work hard. Is it fair to expect me to do as well as they did?—W.D. Probably not. Schools have changed since they were students. There is more homework and subjects are more complicated. There are fewer study periods and many more pupils. It is harder to earn high grades now than it used to be. You should be judged as a separate individual. Your accomplishment in relation to your ability is what matters most. Keep trying.

Q:

I don't like my name. It is Ferdinand. I'd rather be called Sam, or Bill, or George. Do other kids of 13 feel this way about their names? Can I change it?—F.C. Almost all young people go through periods when they are dissatisfied with their names. Those having common names wish for an unusual one, and vice versa. Many teen-agers find their solution in nicknames. Think up a good one and have your buddies start calling you by it.

Q:

I'm a boy, 16, with enough money to buy a car. However, my folks won't let me get one until I also can pay for the insurance. I don't know when I'll have that much money. Insurance is very expensive. Why does it cost so much? Why are my parents so unfair?—L.S. Car insurance for teen-aged boys comes high because so many of them have accidents. I am sorry to disagree with you, but I think your parents are right. They want to be sure that if you have an accident, the bills will be paid. No person should drive without insurance.

Q:

I am a girl, 16. I had planned to become a director of Christian education. But I was weak one evening when a neighbor boy came to see me while

my parents were gone. He made advances to me and I didn't stop him. I'm almost out of my mind with remorse. I don't think I could enter any Christian profession. I'm too unworthy even to read the Bible. Is there any way I can find forgiveness, and build up my self-confidence?—F.T. You surely are not too unworthy to read the Bible. It gives many examples of God's forgiveness to people who sincerely repent their sins. Prayer will help you. Conferences with your minister likewise will help. Make an appointment to see him privately. I do not condone the mistake you made. You must not repeat it. But look ahead with determination. You still can achieve a life of Christian service.

Q&A

The counselor at school tells me I'm not dumb, but I act that way on math tests. I study until I know everything. Then in the tests, I blank out and get very low scores. I guess I'm scared of math tests. I'm in summer school now, and it's as bad as ever. What can I do?—N.K. Talk with your math teacher and your counselor. Get a dozen or more old math tests from them. Practice taking them at home. Your fear should diminish as you become more familiar with the experience.

Q&A

I'm very lonely since we moved. This town isn't like our old one. I go to Sunday school, church, and MYF. I have joined several school clubs. I bought new clothes so I would be dressed the way these kids dress, but I still have no friends. I guess I'm an odd one. What more can I do?—C.W. Moving is hard. It is especially difficult to go to a town or city where the young people seem different from those you grew up with. I congratulate you on the things you already have done to adjust to your new home. Keep on trying. It will help to volunteer for committee work at MYF and in school clubs. You will get closer to the committee members that way, and friendships may develop. Do not think of yourself as odd; you're just in a new environment.

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Want to know what's right, or wrong in a special case? Don't know who to ask for guidance? Write Dr. Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. Chances are, he'll have a helpful, confidential word for you.*

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .

Your Faith and Your Church

What is 'original righteousness'? Just as there is original sin, an abominable tendency toward evil with which every last one of us came into the world, so there is a similar and balancing tendency toward good. For want of a better term, we may call this "original righteousness."

The existence of these contrasting and contrary trends in human nature does not belittle, or make unnecessary, God's act in saving man from original sin. Nor is there any guarantee that, once saved by God's grace, a man will not fall from grace and again become the victim of original sin. And yet, the fact that there is original righteousness rescues us from the temptation to be wholly and unalterably pessimistic.

Even though the image may be marred and defaced, all people are made in the image of God.

Is God different from the Son? There is God the Father, and there is God the Son, as well as God the Holy Spirit. Karl Barth declares that there is no reason why God should not appear to us once, and then appear to us again in a separate and distinct form.

The Methodist *Discipline* (Par. 61, Articles of Religion) says:

"There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body or parts, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things, visible and invisible. And in the unity of this Godhead there are three persons, of one substance, power and eternity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

Should a minister accept fees for weddings and funerals? Never as "fees" or "charges" made for services that he, as the representative of the church, gladly performs. But many ministers accept such gifts frankly as gifts and devote them to the uses of the church. (No church ought to figure them as part of the minister's stipend.)

Actually, accepting such a gift may be a means of serving the person who wants to express his appreciation and can think of no better way of doing it than by offering a love gift that can be seen and felt. Many givers feel rebuffed when a gift is refused, even from the highest motives. And feelings are important.

"Our deepest questions can be answered only by experience," Bishop Nall says, "but we can surely help each other by exchanging views." The Minnesota bishop was for 38 years a Methodist writer and editor. In 1960, he was elected a bishop of The Methodist Church.

Three-Year Missionary

Steve's home is an apartment in the American Institute's boys dormitory, and he sometimes does his own grocery shopping. Here he prices onions in Cochabamba's open-air market.

A not-always-reliable motorcycle is Steve's means of transportation around the city. Boys at the school eagerly provide "push power" to start the vehicle in exchange for occasional free rides.

in BOLIVIA

STEVEN SMITH was exposed early and often to Methodist church schools and, even before he entered high school, he wanted to become a missionary.

Steve's father is a Texas oil man and the family moved frequently during his childhood. For a time, they lived in south Texas, where Steve's playmates included youngsters of Latin-American background. He picked up their Spanish words and developed an ear for the staccato pronunciation of the language.

By the time Steve was a high-school senior, the Smiths had settled in Tyler, Texas, and were members of 3,866-member Marvin Methodist Church. Here, a furloughed missionary invited Steve and three friends to spend seven weeks in Bolivia at an informal work camp. Steve returned home convinced more than ever that missionary work should be his goal. He entered Southern Methodist University to prepare. Graduated in 1960 with a degree in comparative literature, he volunteered for Methodism's short-term missionary program. His assignment: Bolivia.

One of 46 short-termers sent overseas that year, Steve has spent almost 3 years as a teacher in Methodism's American Institute and pastor of a tiny church in Cochabamba, Bolivia's second largest city.

Besides administrative duties, the young Texan's work includes teaching English classes and coaching institute athletic teams.

Football was Steve's sport at SMU, but he adapted readily to the Latin-American favorite, soccer. It's fast and rugged—especially at Cochabamba's 8,500-foot altitude.

Steve's maid, Anselma Saravia, cleans the apartment, does the washing, cooks—and bakes excellent rolls.

Sampling one of Anselma's rolls, Steve obviously approves. Since she is unable to read, he draws pictures of grocery items when she goes to the market.

Steve's easy, friendly manner and facility in Spanish have made him popular with neighborhood children. Here he stops to visit with youngsters playing outside their home.

With boys of his Sunday-morning Bible class, Steve bows while one member leads in prayer. The little church building was once a chicken house and stable.

Dormitory students know they are welcome in Steve's apartment for extra help with lessons.

NOW NEARING the end of his three-year term, Steve Smith is pondering his future. Some of his plans are definite; he will, for example, continue his education. But whether it will be in preparation for returning to mission service or for teaching in the United States, he has not decided. He hopes eventually to be married, but that, too, will await developments when he returns home to Texas late this year.

He is certain about one thing: the last three years in Bolivia have been well spent. Despite a few disappointments, the rewards have been great. The church's short-term mission program is far more than a "Methodist Peace Corps," says Steve firmly. "We are here to help people, but we are here to testify that Jesus Christ is Lord and Savior.

"I would not hesitate to recommend the short-term service to anyone who is emotionally and spiritually mature, adventurous, flexible, willing to serve, and as eager to learn as to teach. Of course," he adds, "I don't pretend to meet all these qualifications."

Others would disagree. The handsome, athletic *yanqui* will not soon be forgotten in Cochabamba.

Light Unto My Path

Weekly Meditations by Methodist Ministers based on the International Sunday School Lessons

Carl F. Hass
Springfield, Ill.

James H. Holmes
Malesus, Tenn.

David H. McKeithen
Pasadena, Calif.

Ben J. Hollis
Port Huron, Mich.

AUGUST 4

> *By faith Abraham obeyed when he was called to go out to a place which he was to receive as an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing where he was to go.*—Hebrews 11:8

THE KEY to this verse is found in the verb, *obeyed*. It was because of his willingness to obey that Abraham became the father of a great nation and received a great inheritance. It was the same with Jesus. Paul once said of Jesus:

"And being found in human form, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even death on a cross. Therefore, God has highly exalted him." (Philippians 2:8-9.)

We Americans find it hard to obey. We often ignore the stop signs and the speed limits on highways. We often ignore the laws and commandments of God and the church. Why? Maybe it's because we want to avoid being "goose-steppers." Maybe it's because we exaggerate the value of individual freedoms. Maybe it's just another assertion of our self-will as opposed to God's will or the will of society.

Yet, if we wish to find that perfect freedom, we can find it only within the will of God. And to find that will, we need to obey the commandments of God as seen in both the Old and New Testaments.

In addition to this, obedience is one way in which we fight against our ego, our selfishness, our exaggerated self-concern. Do we really do unto others as we would have them do unto us? Do we really love our enemies? Do we actually forgive those who trespass against us? How easy it is to turn away from these commandments!

But, there is no other way for us to find real freedom, and to find deliverance from our exaggerated self-concern. Obedience is the way God can give us the power to be obedient if we earnestly desire it.

Prayer: O God, be close to us this day. Mold us and perfect us in our obedience to thy holy will. Amen.

—CARL F. HASS

AUGUST 11

> *"For you are a people holy to the Lord your God; the Lord your God has chosen you to be a people for his own possession, out of all the peoples that are on the face of the earth."*—Deuteronomy 7:6

"READ THE small print," advises our lawyer before we sign a contract. The *benefits* stand out in boldface type. But we tend to skim over the *obligations* as if they are obscured in a maze of words. Once signed, however, we are bound by the total contract.

God and Israel had a contract. It was God initiated, but jointly executed. It was a binding covenant between God and the whole people of Israel. The benefits were many. The descendants of Abraham were to have all the things men could want—a well-defined identity, the joy of many children, prosperity, a destiny, and their own homeland.

In return for all these benefits, Israel was to be faithful to God and moral in everyday life. There was no need to labor over the small print of the contract, for there was none. The obligations were clear.

A Christian is a person who has entered into a covenant with God. It, too, is God initiated, although we enter into it voluntarily. While Israel shared in the old covenant through birth, Christians share in the new covenant through personal relationship with God's Son, Jesus Christ.

The benefits of the new covenant are greater than those promised Israel. God promises the Christian forgiveness of sin with a sense of personal worth; the gift of the Holy Spirit, the fruits of which are joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control; strength to meet trials; a share in God's kingdom while on earth; and an eternal home with God.

God chooses the Christian as he chose Israel, because he is holy, loving, and gracious. He has done it for his own purposes. But to such gifts from God, responsible, appreciative persons ask, "What must I do?" The obligations of the new covenant are written bold and clear across the pages of the

New Testament. Have faith in God; live by the principle of love. Do this and you shall live!

Prayer: O God, who has chosen us for thine eternal purpose, move us to greater depths of faith, drive us to broader fields of service, stretch us to the length of our resources. Compel us to come to thee for the strength we must have to keep thy covenant. In the name of Jesus Christ we pray. Amen.

—JAMES H. HOLMES

AUGUST 18

By faith Abraham, when the test came, offered up Isaac; he had received the promises, and yet he was on the point of offering his only son, of whom he had been told, "Through the line of Isaac your posterity shall be traced."—Hebrews 11:17-18 (New English Bible).

"I WAS lucky and I had faith." Thus an overmatched prize-fighter explained his unlikely victory over a superior opponent.

"I just guess I had faith," explained an arrested habitual criminal when asked how he had evaded law-enforcement officials for three years.

Is this faith? Certainly not! Faith is not magic; faith is not a luck charm; faith is not a tricky device for getting our way. Faith is a *confident trust in God* and a *wholehearted commitment to doing his will.*

Faith is tested in those critical moments when we cannot fully explain "why" or "how," but are aware of a way that is right; God saying unto us, "This is the way. Walk ye in it."

This is the real explanation for Abraham's life and activity. Why should he prepare to sacrifice Isaac? This was his son, and he believed that through Isaac the family name and history would be preserved. Now, it seemed to him, Abraham was called upon to sacrifice his son, his hopes, his dreams. We know now that this is not what God wanted of him. What God did want was a confident trust in his wisdom and a steady obedience to his will.

The lesson Christians need daily to learn is this: "The quality of faith that God expects is the faith that places trust and obedience before every other consideration in life." This is "living by faith."

Jesus said, "Not everyone who calls me 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but only those who do the will of my heavenly Father."

Prayer: O for a faith that will not shrink, though pressed by every foe, that will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe. Help us to be doers of thy Word, O Lord, and not hearers only. Amen.

—DAVID H. MCKEITHEN

AUGUST 25

And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.—Genesis 28:15 (KJV)

"DO YOU still plan to make the journey?" asked my friend.

"Yes," I replied, "we expect to leave tomorrow. Why do you ask?"

His anxiety was shown in his quick response, "But there is so much trouble brewing in the Middle East and so many tragic plane accidents of late, I thought surely you would change your plans."

Then I quoted to him the above verse of Scripture which had been so precious to me during the weeks of preparation for my journey to the Holy Land.

As our airplane lifted off the runway at Idlewild Airport in New York City and headed out over the blue Atlantic, this wonderful promise also came to me: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." (Deuteronomy 33:27 KJV.)

So with these promises I settled back in my seat, determined to enjoy every moment of the journey to Europe and the Holy Land, trusting completely in the benevolent care of my heavenly Father.

To be sure, there were some dangers on our pathway, but never did our trust in God waver.

Our scheduled visit to Lebanon was canceled on the advice of the American consul in Cairo, Egypt, because of the troubled situation there. But through it all, we did feel the sustaining power of God in keeping his promise, "I will bring thee again into this land."

In this hour of turmoil and strife, we need to have and to show faith in the God in whom we can trust, the God who always keeps his promise, the God who never fails.

Prayer: O God, thou who art the God of the universe yet notes even the sparrow's fall, I commit unto thy care and keeping this life of mine, to be kept, shaped, and used of thee both now and ever. Amen.

—BEN J. HOLLIS

10 Commandments FOR PARENTS

THESE commandments for parents seem as applicable today as they were a number of years ago when they were dashed off by an unknown author in England:

1. Thou shalt love thy child with all thy heart and soul and strength, but wisely with thy mind.

2. Thou shalt think of thy child not as something belonging to thee but as a person.

3. Thou shalt regard his respect and love not as something to be demanded but as something to be worth earning.

4. Every time thou art out of patience with thy child's immaturity and blunderings, thou shalt call to mind some childish adventure and mistakes which attended thine own coming of age.

5. Remember it is thy child's privilege to make a hero out of thee and take thy thought to be a proper one.

6. Remember also that thy example is more eloquent than thy fault-finding and moralizing.

7. Thou shalt strive to be a signpost on the highway of life rather than a rut out of which the wheel cannot turn.

8. Thou shalt teach thy child to stand on his own feet and fight his own battles.

9. Thou shalt teach thy child to see beauty, to practice kindness, to love truth, and to live in friendship.

10. Thou shalt make the place wherein thou dwellest a real home —a haven of happiness for thyself, thy children, for thy friends, and for thy children's friends.

As you would expect, this American Field Service exchange student (center) from Germany gathered a picture record of her year in America with this Methodist family.

The American Field Service:

An Exchange of LOVE

By LOIS T. HENDERSON

IT WAS the Sunday before Christmas, and the decorated tree in our living room glowed softly with silver and gilt ornaments and colored lights. On our mantle, small papier-mâché shepherds knelt by a manger; and the wall behind the little wooden stable was covered with a large sheet of heavy dark paper painted with golden angels and a host of stars. The artist had been our new son who had come to us in September. How he had worked, tongue clenched in his teeth, eyes intent, to make the angels as lovely as he thought they should be.

And yet, our new son, our temporary son, was not a Christian. He was a Moslem—a brown-skinned, Indonesian boy—who had never before been in a house that celebrated Christmas.

A sound on the steps turned me from my admiration of tree and mantle. Iwan stood in the doorway looking at me. He was small and handsome, and the piece of Indonesian *batik* wrapped around him like a sheath made him look very oriental in this Christmas-filled room.

"Mom," he said, and the accent no longer seemed odd to me, "Mom, I want you to watch my prayers. You said once you'd like to. Prayers are not private at home. Would you like to come?"

"Are you sure I won't intrude?" I knew, of course, that in a Moslem country daily prayers may be performed in public squares, or schoolrooms, or mosques as well as in private. But I still felt shy.

I followed him to his room. His prayer rug, scarlet and cream, fringed with silk, was spread on the floor. It reminded me of the first day he had stood in the doorway of this room, humble and courteous, looking with pleasure at the twin beds, the desk, the chest of drawers. But the first question he asked was not which bed was his but which way was east. Now, on this dark winter evening, the rug pointed in the direction I had indicated to him.

Iwan smiled briefly at me and then began the ancient, prescribed prayers of Islam. The soft chanting in Arabic, the kneeling postures, the hands pressed palm to palm, all made a reverence in the room.

I watched, entranced, until he turned and spoke softly, quickly to his right shoulder, to his left. Then he sat back on his heels, smiling at me with his sweet, wide smile.

"What was the last gesture?" I asked.

"We have angels who keep watch over us," he said. "One on the right shoulder, one on the left. I was speaking to each, saying, 'The peace of Allah go with you.' "

Before I could answer, there came the clear, silver sound of young voices, singing Christmas carols.

"Oh, Iwan, hurry," I cried and ran to open the window.

On the snowy lawn, a group of high-school youngsters stood, singing *Silent Night*, and the sound was

very beautiful in the frosty air.

Iwan listened, his eyes shining, and when the song ended, and the carolers called, "Merry Christmas, Iwan," he hung in an alarming fashion from the window.

"Merry Christmas to you," he yelled until he was pulled back to safety.

Even in the moment of its happening, I knew that we were inordinately blessed. Perhaps a less sentimental word might be lucky. But it was more than luck. It was a blessing which we had sought, not knowing the extent of what we were seeking, and which had come to us with richness beyond our dreams.

And I knew, too, that we were not the only American Christians who had a Moslem, or Hindu, or Buddhist daughter or son during this Christmas season. Wherever the American Field Service had brought a child from Turkey, or Indonesia, or India, or Pakistan, or half a dozen other countries to American communities and American homes, this same sort of scene or one like it was being duplicated. Perhaps not all children were so articulate, so sensitive as our Iwan, but they were bringing with them a touch of a culture far different from ours, and they were sharing it with us, stretching back the horizons that once had been provincial and narrow.

The American Field Service, a nonprofit, nonsectarian organization, deals with a precious commodity—high-school age children. At one time, when the program first began, it was believed that college-age students were best for any exchange program, but it was found that young people of college age were perhaps too set in their ways to adjust to American-family living in a way that would be most profitable for all concerned. It must be made clear, in the very beginning, that the aim of the American Field Service is not to turn these children into Americans. The aim is to let them see, at first hand, what America is like and to enable them to give an idea of their country, their culture, to the American family, school, and community which adopts them for a year. Here is an idea without a peer—for it is, in every sense, an exchange of love.

The program began in 1947 with the bringing of 52 students to America, and it has grown in 16 years to unbelievable proportions. In the year 1962-63, 2,560 students from 56 countries spent the months from September to June in America, and 750 American youngsters spent the summer abroad living with an Asiatic, European, or Latin American family and learning of its way of life. Twenty-one thousand seven hundred and eighteen students of all nations have participated.

Three hundred and eighteen American children spent the entire school year in a foreign country, and the hopes of the head office in New York, under the direction of Mr. Stephen Galatti, a dedicated man who heads a dedicated staff, is that this number will grow and grow, and the love and understanding they generate will help create a climate of mutual concern in this troubled world.

Because the American Field Service is too intimate, too personal a thing to discuss with statistics or in generalities, I will try to answer questions most commonly asked.

How does the program start in a new locality?

It begins in a community when someone—and that someone may be a schoolteacher, a banker, a housewife, a factory worker—meets an exchange student, or hears one speak at Rotary Club, or talks to a family in another town who has hosted a student. The idea is as infectious as Asian flu, and the "someone" begins to think about it and talk about it and get friends interested in it until a chapter is formed and begins the absorbing business of becoming an American Field Service community.

What does this chapter do?

There are a number of things to be considered. First, a family must be found. There is one major requisite for this family—they *must* possess, not two cars, or six bedrooms or hired help, but "a heart wide enough to take in a child for a year and quite possibly for a lifetime." It is important that the family which applies has reared children, that the parents be no younger than 37 years old, that they have resided in the U.S. since the age of 12.

Most of all, they must honestly want a child. They must understand that they will receive no remuneration for having the child, and that all normal expenses of food, laundry, gifts, and so forth, will come out of their own pockets. They need not be wealthy, they must be rich in love.

The next problem for the chapter to solve is that of money, because naturally, it costs money to transport these children from country to country, to provide them with three weeks of sightseeing in June which ends with time in New York City and three glorious days in Washington, D.C. The price for each student considering all this is amazingly small—$700, to be raised by each community. Families of students themselves are asked to contribute what they can.

The chapter's application, the family's application, the school's approval (for each school waives tuition for the year) are sent to the New York office, and there begins one of the most amazing matching processes one can imagine.

A child out of all the hundreds of children who have applied for this scholarship year in America must be chosen who would best suit a family. It is a ticklish, exacting business, for there are many vagaries in human beings, and naturally, the selection is not always right.

The wonderful, the miraculous thing is that it is so often per-

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION on the exchange-student program the author describes, write to the American Field Service, 313 East 43rd St., New York 17, N.Y. Another similar program is the International Christian Youth Exchange, described along with many others of various types and terms in *A Catalog of Service Opportunities*. Compiled by a unit of the National Council of Churches, the catalog is available for 25¢ a copy from the Commission on Youth Service Projects, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 753, New York 27, N.Y.—YOUR EDITORS.

feet, that so many "parents" can say in honesty, "It seems they knew that Alfredo—or Clarisse—or Reiko was the perfect one for us!"

When the papers come announcing the particular child chosen for this particular family, the information is read over and over, the picture of the student is examined again and again. Because, even at this point, the family could renege, could say they felt this particular child was not for them. Most families eagerly sign the dotted line, wait impatiently for New York to give them permission to write to their child and then, with some nervousness and much joy, send the airmail letter that says, "We're going to be your family, and we can hardly wait!"

In most cases, unless a shortage of time prevents it, a letter comes back. The English may not be perfect, but the eagerness is there for everyone to see. Our first letter from Iwan was a rhapsody and a poem, but Iwan was that kind of boy. Another family got a quieter sort of letter, but it began, "I have only seen your picture, and already I am homesick for you." There were tears in the mother's eyes when she read it to me.

When does the child usually come?

Almost always he arrives in August or early September, and when that longed-for moment of arrival finally comes, somehow, strangers become a family! We have gone through it twice. The first time was with Iwan, expected, already loved through his letters. He stepped off the plane and came toward us, small, dark, shy, and scared, unable to understand rapidly spoken English, but with a smile so wide and so warm that he walked simultaneously into our lives and into our hearts.

The second time was Christina. We had known for only two days that she was coming. She had been in America for a week. Hers was one of the very few cases where the girl and family were mismatched. The American Field Service asked us to take her, and we said yes.

We met her at the bus station, without a picture, without any knowledge of what she would be like, knowing only that she was Swedish and her name was Christina. And she, having found one family who did not seem to want her, came to us, knowing nothing of us either, and her legs trembled so that she could hardly get off the bus.

This time, there was no dark skin or oriental look to the clothes. There was only a tall, slender, brown-haired girl in a simple cotton dress. But the smile was the same. This, of course, is the miracle.

And what of the school? What can a student from another country gain from or contribute to an American school?

In most cases, the children are entered as seniors, and they "graduate" in June with those who, through some curious alchemy, have become "their" class in "their" school. Not all the students are good scholars, of course, so their contributions as well as what is gained vary considerably. But most schools report that their own students have gained understanding and factual knowledge of, and an abiding interest in, the country represented in their school. The student learns that the American way of studying is very different from his way; but he learns, to his astonishment, that this does not necessarily make one wrong and the other right. This only makes them different. Most of all, he learns that Americans are his friends.

What about American youngsters who go abroad?

The school which has sponsored a foreign student may nominate candidates for the AFS' American Abroad program for the following year.

The American children who go away for a summer or a year come home, in most cases, with a maturity and a concern that had not been theirs before. They have, for a brief or longer time, lived with a family where very likely English was spoken by only one or two members. They have observed different eating habits, they have tasted strange foods, they have seen beautiful and exciting and wonderful things. They have learned that they are proud of America and love it more than they had before, but they have discovered that it is not the only country in the world with value. They have learned—or most of them have—that there is no longer the American way and the wrong way, there are merely two different ways.

And does the host family really gain much from the experience?

We are only one family, although in a sense, we represent all the families who take part in this program, who support and advocate it. We, I believe, are more fortunate than most, because we have served as an American Field Service family for two full years. And such opposite years! One year, we received packages of tea from the Indonesian islands in the sun, and we learned to fry *krupuk* and to make *nasi goreng*. The next year, we learned how to make Swedish meatballs and the thin, crisp Christmas cookie which will grant your wish if a tap of the finger breaks it neatly into three pieces. One year we learned about Islam and such times of fasting as the month of Ramadan. The next year, on December 13, we celebrated St. Lucia Day when Christina, dressed in a long white robe, and with candles in her hair, brought coffee and cakes to her American parents while the sky was still dark.

When Iwan left, we were desolate, because Indonesia is half the world away, and the chances of seeing him again are remote. When Chris left, our desolation was softened somewhat by the knowledge that Sweden is not so impossibly far away, and perhaps, one day, she might come to visit or we might go to visit her.

But still it was worth it, and the sorrow does *not* cancel out the good. Our own two children and Iwan and Chris have learned that loving and losing are part of the pattern of life. It is something they have to know. And all of us have learned that nothing can erase the memories, nothing can take away the knowledge we have gained of Indonesia and Sweden, nothing can convince *us* that non-Americans are foreigners.

We have *children* in other countries, and we know better!

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

THERE is a New York Central commuter train which runs between New York and Harmon, 35 miles up the Hudson River. For many years, a card game has been going on both coming and going, and the players are so completely engrossed that they notice nothing around them. Some time ago one of them happened to glance out the window. He called out excitedly, "Hey, fellows! Look! A river!"

The majesty and beauty of the Hudson River had been there but he had not seen it and neither had his companions.

You remember the 46th Psalm, "There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God . . ." I began to wonder if men are not just as prone to be unaware of that stream as the card players were blind to the Hudson.

There are great rivers flowing through life which most of us do not see. Our activities may be on a higher level than playing cards, but they are so engrossing that they blind us to the flowing miracles of grace and encouragement. Maybe we had better pause a moment and look out the window, or perhaps quiet our noisy minds and listen to the lapping of the waters. It may be that the river which the psalmist said makes glad the city of God could also make glad your heart and mine.

The tides which are determining the future oftentimes are unacknowledged by the majority of any generation.

I wonder how many were aware of the flowing of the evangelical revival power in John Wesley's day. We celebrate Aldersgate as if it were a great central event—as indeed it was to Wesley, but not to those who were close at hand. They were either participating in or observing the drunkenness and lawlessness of the time, for it was a bad time and make no mistake of it.

Indeed, so far as the moral level of society was concerned, it was almost hopelessly low and discouraging. Any society which would allow the execution of a 10-year-old child for stealing bread did not have very much to boast about. Yet, in that very hour, there was a river flowing while the majority played games or made their schemes.

Today, corruption is reported in every newspaper and, what is so discouraging, apparently it is on the increase in our schools. Who can read about the athletics scandals without wondering just how deep down the sickness goes? Yet, there are rivers flowing full of spiritual power and promise.

I am one who oftentimes becomes gloomy and melancholy as I survey the passing scene; but I am also one who thinks that we might be on the verge of a great revival. Maybe, in this 225th anniversary year of Aldersgate, a great flowing river of witness to God's power is beginning to move. Maybe there is a river outside your window and mine, if we had eyes to see. I take great comfort from the observation that just because people are unaware of the Hudson, it does not mean that the river is not real.

Frank Laubach, the missionary-pioneer in literacy training, said some time ago that the world is learning compassion. Do you suppose that in the midst of all the cruelty there is a river of compassion flowing by us? In spite of upheavals and armed conflicts, there may be a river of freedom on its way toward a better kingdom than we have ever known. Let us beware lest, like the card players on the train, we are on the bank of a great river of hope and see it not.

•

Anything that comes out of Russia is of interest to Americans, and it may be that a recent novel provides us with a little hope which may not be much more than a stream just now. The book is **ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH** by Alexander Solzhcitsyn (*Dutton, $3.95*).

This one would not excite us so much had it not come from such an unexpected source, for it is a rather frank account of the unbearable and unjust treatment of political prisoners under the Stalin regime. Such stories are common enough in the history of Nazi Germany, and they are repeated a million times by reports coming from behind the Iron Curtain. But this book was printed in Russia, and certainly indicates an increased freedom for writers in that communist land. I have been told, however, that this trend now seems to be reversed.

It would be a good book under any circumstances, for it creates an atmosphere and a mood impossible to escape. It is the story of an ordinary man among some heroes and some villains who keeps a sense of his own dignity and worth. There is a compliment paid to a young Baptist Christian who is suffering for Christ's sake.

One of the best scenes is a building crew working on a terrible cold afternoon when the morale of the group takes over, and they feel the satisfaction of being good workmen. These men are no different from their brothers in other places. Without any attempt at direct propaganda, the book seems to say that all men are much more than flesh and blood. And, of course, it is a devastating judgment on communism and its denial of the worth of each man.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD by Robert St. John (*Doubleday, $5.95*) is a very important book, in my judgment. While it deals with a subject often written about in our time, namely, the plight of the Jews under the Nazis, this book has a fresh and significant point. What happens to a man who is thrust into the position of having to decide who lives and who dies? This is exactly the position of the leading Jew in Hungary. When the war is over and he is safe in Israel, he is shocked at the attacks made on him by a compatriot who claims he was a collaborator. So, as in *Mr. Roberts*, the climax of the tale comes in a great trial scene.

I dare not tell you too much about this or it would spoil the book for you and eliminate the dramatic climax. I shall say only that this book was hard to put down, and though it deals with man's inhumanity to man, it deals also with man's greatness. And that, dear brethren, is one of the great and enduring themes of the Bible.

Barnabas

Looks at NEW Books

IN SPITE OF the Roman Catholic Church's opposition to birth control, a distinguished gynecologist who is a dedicated Roman Catholic believes that the birth-control controversy can be resolved.

In *The Time Has Come* (Knopf, $3.95), **John Rock** proposes an energetic program of research in human reproduction that would include refinement of the rhythm method that is the only family-planning system having Catholic approval. Dr. Rock, incidentally, was a major contributor to the development of the oral contraceptive pill.

In view of the peril to civilization posed by the population explosion, a book like this by a Catholic physician has great significance, and deserves reading by people of all faiths.

Take an author who combines a way with words with a sound knowledge of archaeology, anthropology, and social relations; give him extensive archaeological discoveries to write about, and he will tell you a fascinating story of the psychology, technology, and religion of the people revealed in the diggings.

Such a writer is **Emmanuel Anati**, and *Palestine Before the Hebrews* (Knopf, $8.95) is a fascinating narrative covering 600,000 years of history from the earliest arrival of man to the conquest of the land by the Children of Israel. Photos and drawings make the book an equal delight to the eye.

The notion that there are two kinds of human beings is dispelled by **Paul Tournier** in *The Strong and the Weak* (Westminster, $4).

Actually, says the noted Swiss physician and psychotherapist, we humans are much more alike than we think. What is different is the external mask, the outward reaction, strong or weak. Behind is an identical inner personality, afraid of being trampled underfoot, with secret thoughts and bad conscience. All of us are afraid of other men, of God, of ourselves, of life, and of death. What distinguishes us from one another is the way we react to our common distress.

For the source of true strength, Dr. Tournier turns to the Bible. The strength we draw from God is the only strength that is truly creative, he says. What is needed is the living strength that comes from personal fellowship with Jesus Christ.

But the author is careful to draw a line between faith and moralism: "The Christian life is not abstention," he stresses. "Genuine conversion, far from paralyzing the person, makes it dynamic."

Edwin Hudson translated this book that never talks down to the layman yet, with examples drawn from Dr. Tournier's own cases, is understandable and absorbing even to a reader who has not previously gone deeply into psychology.

With his teacher, Sigmund Freud, the late psychiatrist **Carl G. Jung** was one of the founders of psychoanalysis. Jung differed with Freud, however, about the role of sex in shaping personality. He believed that man's inner-religious drives were at least as strong as any of his other hidden urges. He also believed that each person was influenced by the collective experience of the human race.

I have been fascinated by Jung's "autobiography," begun in the spring of 1957, when he was 81 years old. It is aptly titled *Memories, Dreams, Reflections* (Pantheon, $7.50), for it is a record of what Jung thought rather than what he did, an intimate sharing of the inner experiences of a great man.

Leslie D. Weatherhead, pastor of the famed City Temple in London from 1936 until 1960, believes the Christian church can recover the secret of true spiritual healing through fellowship, prayer, and study.

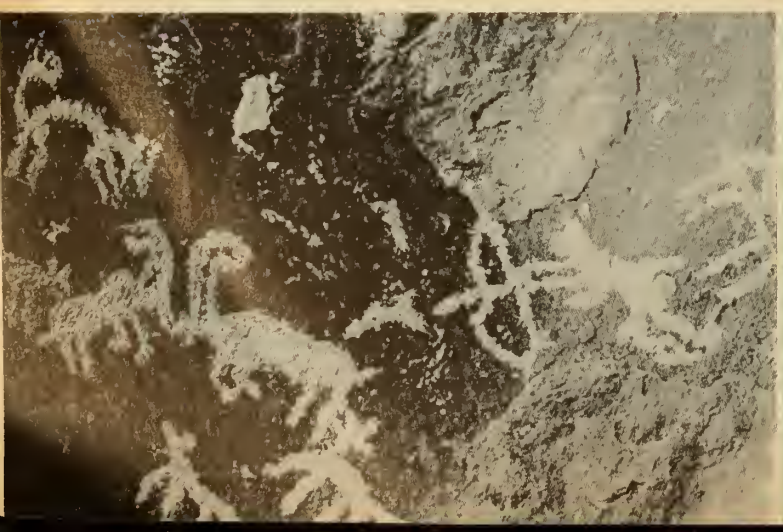
In *Wounded Spirits* (Abingdon, $3), he gives us actual case histories of living people who have, through spiritual and physical healing, found their way back from illness to health.

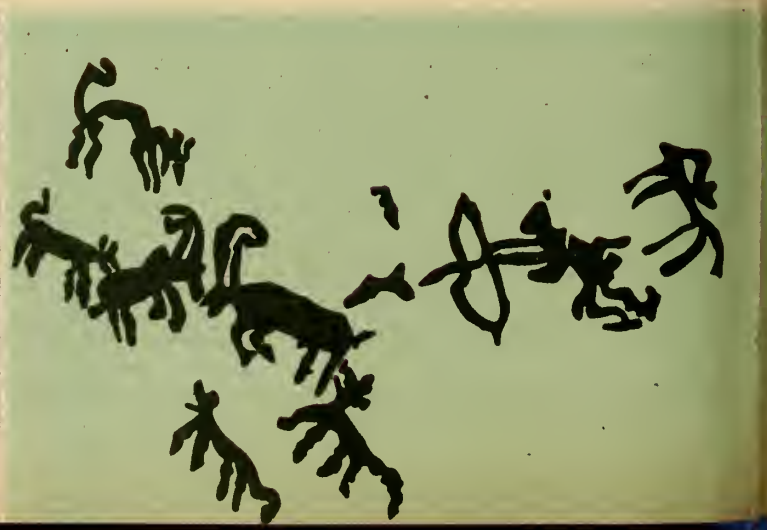
The names are imaginary, but the people are poignantly real. There is Phyllis Barclay, who was too fat until she began to refuse food and became so thin her parents feared she would die. Pretty Betty Moore was afflicted with angry nettle-rash blisters. Twelve-year-old Bobbie Forrest had attacks similar to the *petit mal* of epilepsy.

Dr. Weatherhead used hypnosis, discussion, and prayer to treat them and thousands of others who have come to him during the years; and he discusses frankly and simply how he did it in a book that will have a special interest for readers with physical or emotional problems and those who wish to understand them.

It is estimated that more than a quarter million Methodists are involved in interfaith marriages. This number is expected to increase, and The Methodist Church is deeply concerned—not for fear of losing mem-

A primitive artist carved this hunting scene on a rock. From Palestine Before the Hebrews.





bers, because more Catholics become Methodists than the other way around, but because studies show such mixed marriages result in three times as many divorces as marriages involving partners of the same faith.

The book ***Protestant-Catholic Marriage*** (Broadman, $2.75) is primarily for ministers to use in counseling. Also, its author, **C. Stanley Lowell**, campaigns vigorously against Protestant-Catholic marriage with almost no mention of successful mixed marriages. The associate director of Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, he makes no secret that he is biased.

In spite of both these factors, I strongly suggest you read this book, and others on the subject, if you or someone in your family is contemplating a marriage involving another faith.

When **Ralph McGill** writes about the South you have the feeling a father is talking about a wayward child he loves deeply. Even when he describes the tension and strife of the past decade, you suspect he has hope for this child he has helped to educate.

Writing with the knowledge of an on-the-scene reporter (which he has been), the pace of a sports editor (which he was), and the appreciation of a native son (which he is), he has created his most impressive book in ***The South and the Southerner*** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5).

It begins with McGill's childhood in the quaint backcountry of east Tennessee, and ends with his harrowing description of what it means to be on the receiving end of threats and attacks from racial extremists. In between, McGill, now publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution*, tells us his story of the South in the 20th century. And since to a Southerner one's life is closely tied to his region, his land, this is a personal story.

Ralph McGill does not please extremists of any persuasion, but he demands a hearing because he is involved in the problem he discusses. He is an evangelist for the South, aware of the need for judgment, but even more conscious of the signs of hope.

Travel books come and go, some little more than standard lists of what to do and see, but ***Mexico: Places and Pleasures*** (World, $6) is an abundant sample of its subject's most intimate ways.

Kate Simon, a gringo New Yorker, lived in Mexico for long periods, and has an eye for detail and the facility for putting it on paper. Her book has a well-structured background of historical lore, is more intent on exploring the inscrutable Mexican mind than be-

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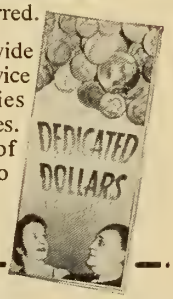

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ing one a traveler would hold in hand while going from place to place.

Many ancient places in the land of the Maya can be reached now via planes, with luxurious accommodations nearby, but **J. Erie S. Thompson** "knew them when."

A leading authority on Mexico's Mayan people, he describes expeditions in which he has shared in *Maya Archaeologist* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5).

He tells of today's Maya, immersed in new world and old, remembering folk tales of creation and still worshiping idols along with Christian saints.

Wont to make friends with the Indian workers, he rather shocked them once by suggesting that they cut down a few trees for Arbor Day instead of planting more to add to the oversupply of vegetation.

Molly Picon has often been called "the Helen Hayes of the Yiddish stage." But, when visited backstage after her success in the Broadway musical *Milk and Honey*, Miss Hayes announced that from then on she planned to bill herself as "the *shiksa* Molly Picon."

For years, certainly, the name of the petite Yiddish actress has been a household word in all good Jewish families. In her own good Jewish family, however, the last word was Grandma Sarah Ostrow.

I have been getting acquainted with Grandma in *So Laugh a Little* (Messner, $3), which shares Miss Picon's memories of the funny and fascinating woman she called Bubba with us. She has told the stories to **Eth Clifford Rosenberg**. Here are some samples:

When Grandma attended the magnificent funeral of her friend Mr. Edelstein, she leaned over the coffin and spoke earnestly: "Edelstein, I only wish you could have lived to see this day. I only wish you could have been here."

Going to Miami to visit her granddaughter, she was startled to hear the porter ask respectfully: "Shall I brush you off, lady?" But she kept her dignity and answered very properly: "Certainly not. I'll get off the train just like everybody else."

In Hong Kong, shortly before his death in 1958, Bishop Ralph A. Ward ordained three young Chinese men. They knelt at his bedside and the bishop, who had spent many years in China before he was forced by the Communists to leave, placed his hands on their heads. In a voice so weak it was barely audible, he said: "Go preach! Go preach!" A few minutes later he lapsed into a coma from which he never recovered.

Traeey K. Jones, Jr., tells the story in *Our Mission Today* (World Outlook Press, $1, paper) and comments: "His last words are a reminder to every non-Chinese Christian of what God requires of his disciples. Every Christian is responsible for the people of other races and nations."

Dr. Jones began his own mission service in China. Since April, 1962, he has been associate general secretary of The Methodist Church's Division of World Missions of the Board of Missions, which co-ordinates Methodist mission work in 44 countries and provides support for 1,150 missionaries around the world.

He claims to have no final word on the mission of the church for our day. He does seek to help readers face three questions:

1. Is the church on the defensive in this new age, has it lost its way?
2. Can man turn to himself in this emerging world civilization; if not, to whom shall he turn?
3. What is the task of every Christian in this time of uncertainty and change within the world wide church?

David and **Vera Mace**—you may remember his comments on a Methodist-Jewish marriage in TOGETHER [*Why the Marriage Escaped the Rocks*, March, page 20]—are experts on family life, and they do not believe in doing their research secondhand.

Accordingly, one recent summer the Maces, their daughter, and two of the daughter's friends packed themselves somewhat miraculously into a small European car and toured the USSR to find out what love, courtship, marriage, childbearing and rearing, family life, and divorce are really like in Russia.

Stopping in Soviet vacation camps, meeting and talking with the Russian people in the communal kitchens, visiting Russian homes, maternity wards, wedding palaces, and divorce courts, they found friendship and co-operation as well as a comprehensive picture of what families are like behind the Iron Curtain.

Their conclusion in *The Soviet Family* (Doubleday, $4.95): ". . . the supposedly vast difference between the two ideological systems appears not to be significantly reflected at the level of day-to-day family life. In their goals and in their ideals, the American and the Soviet families of today seem to be closely similar."

Some American publishers are beginning to adopt the European custom of publishing new books in paperback form. Then, if the books catch on, the hardbacks follow.

A nonfiction example is *The Race West: Boom Town to Ghost Town* (Signet, 50¢) by **Robert West Howard**. It is chunky with nuggets of little-

known facts about people and the West they made. And the final chapter is a state-by-state rundown on places to visit that I am going to heed when next I vacation westward.

You would not expect a hymn of praise to the United States from a Canadian writing about South America. But, interestingly enough, in view of the coolness with which our northern neighbor regards us, **Gerald Clark** manages to look objectively at us in ***The Coming Explosion in Latin America*** (McKay, $6.75).

Clark is a widely traveled newsman and chooses his material with care. He attaches great importance to *fidelismo,* and believes the movement will outlast the Cuban dictator.

He blames some lack of reforms on North Americans who think U.S. capitalism is the salvation for underdeveloped nations, and claims there is no way to label ideological elements, either left or right, in Latin America. Many Latins live in conditions worse than he saw in China a few years ago, he observes.

These next two books are written for young people, but they have some value for "beginning" adults, too.

Sea So Big, Ship So Small (Rand McNally, $2.95) is a handbook of good boating covering boats, motors, navigation aids, weather, rules of the sea, and a safety check list. **Jeanne Bendick** wrote and illustrated it so accurately that it earned a foreword by Admiral E. J. Roland, U.S. Coast Guard commandant. She did it with such verve that it should become a standard reference for all landlubbers wishing to become sailors.

In ***What Makes a Car Go?*** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $2.50), the workings of the family automobile are described in such simple language that they should no longer remain a mystery to children—or adults. Author **Scott Corbett** admits he did not know anything about them, himself, until he started studying motor manuals, quizzing garage mechanics, and peering into the workings of his own car. Illustrator Leonard Darwin, also, did much digging into motor manuals and his car before he came up with his attractive diagrammatic drawings even a lady editor I know says she can understand.

With space flight aiming for the stars, it is natural for us to be carried away with the thought of where man is going. But it is important, still, to understand how we got to where we are now. So I will not minimize the importance of studying history.

For boys and girls in their early teens, there are two recent, excellent books on the Middle Ages. ***The Keys and the Candle*** (Abingdon, $3), by **Maryhale Woolsey** is fiction—the story of a boy scribe in an English monastery. It is a tale of high drama, quiet humor, and tenderness.

Castle, Abbey and Town (Holiday House, $2.95), by **Irma Simonton Black**, re-creates medieval life by narrating three true-to-the-period stories of typical people and situations.

Both books remind us that Western learning would have been lost if the monasteries and the abbeys had not preserved it after the fall of Rome.

U.S. Secretary of Commerce **Luther H. Hodges** starts off his book on ***The Business Conscience*** (Prentice-Hall, $4) with a confession. Early in World War II, when he was new as head of the Office of Price Administration's Textile Pricing Division, business acquaintances persuaded him to cut some red tape without properly checking their story.

More than a million dollars was involved, and the memory of how he was deceived still bothers the secretary as he ponders relationships among businessmen, their employees, their customers, and their government.

Hodges writes informally, frankly,

Good captains give a job to each member of the crew, says Jeanne Bendick in Sea So Big, Ship So Small.

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and with a concern for right attitudes whether ethical problems be black and white or bewildering gradations of gray. Methodists can be proud that he is a Methodist layman.

If you want to read further, I recommend **John Chamberlain's** fresh and stimulating business history of the United States, ***The Enterprising Americans*** (Harper & Row, $5.95).

Taking American business from its mercantile beginnings in New England, Chamberlain concentrates on the creative moments of men of decision. Virtual unknowns take their place with the more famous Eli Whitney, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, and J. P. Morgan. We find, thus, a potent retelling of the story of the American dream.

"Without the accident, I might have been only an ordinary physician."

Dr. Mary Verghese of the Christian Medical College and Hospital in Vellore, south India, made the remark not in pride but out of a strong feeling that she had been chosen for a special task.

The accident—an overturned station wagon on the way to a picnic—happened shortly after the young Indian woman had received her medical degree. It left Dr. Mary paralyzed from the waist down, but she conquered pain and exhaustion and went on to perform, from her wheelchair, intricate operations to restore the use of hands and feet to patients at Vellore's leprosy clinic.

Dorothy Clarke Wilson, a Methodist minister's wife from Maine, tells the story of the remarkable woman doctor in ***Take My Hands*** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). You may remember Mrs. Wilson's work from *Still No Room in Bethlehem* [TOGETHER, February, 1961, page 25].

Mrs. Wilson gathered much of the material for Dr. Verghese's biography while the valiant woman physician was in New York City in the dual role of patient and staff physician at Dr. Howard Rusk's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

Back in Vellore now, Dr. Mary is the director of the medical college's newly created department of rehabilitation. Through it, she hopes to bring what she has learned abroad to her own people.

To the well-known minister and scholar **George A. Buttrick**, history is promise, "a dialogue between God and man carrying us beyond tragedy," and the focus of history is Christ.

In ***Christ and History*** (Abingdon, $3), Dr. Buttrick probes the meaning of history, considers whether civilization has really advanced, asks: "Are we going anywhere?" Comparing the views of philosophers, historians, scientists, and writers, he proclaims his own belief that only the biblical view of history can give any kind of enduring meaning to life.

His book is not one to pick up and lay down casually. He writes for ministers, students, and serious laymen. And for those who will take the time to read thoughtfully, he has much to say.

Young children will like the simple, appealing pictures when they can inveigle an adult to read aloud to them from ***Jesus Goes to the Market Place*** (Abingdon, $1.25). And once you have begun to read it, especially if you are a doting aunt, uncle, or grandparent, you probably will not put the little book down until you have finished it.

Carolyn Muller Woleott is responsible for the story, with its fine poetic rhythm. Mary Young created the drawings.

The United States should eradicate communism from Cuba by "overwhelming force," believes **Ruby Hart Phillips**, for 25 years *New York Times* resident correspondent in Havana.

She advances the theory in ***The Cuban Dilemma*** (Obolensky, $6.50), urging that we arm and support the Cuban government-in-exile. The use of overwhelming force, she says, would be secretly admired by all Latins except dedicated Communists and leftist sympathizers.

Mrs. Phillips, who saw 11 Cuban administrations come and go, is convinced Fidel Castro could have been "neutralized" and Cuba saved if it had not been for an "incredibly naïve and dangerous" U.S. policy.

Her book is immensely readable, written in action-packed narrative style. However, the reader should keep in mind that her views differ sharply from those of other observers. For a well-rounded view, I suggest you take a look into some other books on the subject.

America is, all at the same time, the most religious and the most secular of nations. So believe the contributors to ***Religion and Contemporary Society*** (Macmillan, $4.95, cloth; $1.95, paper), and it is in that light that they examine religion in the United States today.

Edited by **Harold Stahmer**, associate professor of religion at Barnard College and Columbia University, this thoughtful book turns its attention to church-state relations, religion and education, religion and politics, the influence of religion within the community, sociological aspects of religious influence, and a detailed account of how John F. Kennedy's Catholicism affected the 1960 election campaign.

Contributors include Protestant, Jewish, and Roman Catholic scholars. Their essays were originally presented in lecture form at Barnard. They add up to a good short course in the complexities facing churches in a free society. —BARNABAS

Charity

The robins in the cherry tree
Won't leave too many there for me,
While scarce a berry in the thicket
Turns ripe till cardinals will pick it.
And always, when the summer comes,
Bold sparrows peek at purple plums,
Forgetting how perturbed I am,
Just hoping they'll leave some for jam . . .

Then autumn comes and on the eaves
Small sparrows droop like wilted leaves,
While cardinals, in utter woe,
Hop hopelessly through winter snow.
There are no cherries, berries, plums,
And so I have to feed them crumbs.

When summer comes, can't birds remember
How well I feed them in December?

MARGARET SCHUMACHER

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

TOGETHER
BOX 423
PARK RIDGE
ILLINOIS

Letters

More Methodism in Russia

ODD HAGEN, *Bishop*
The Methodist Church
Stockholm, Sweden

Let me share with TOGETHER readers further news about Methodism in Russia. [See *Methodist Church in Russia,* July, page 1.]

A communication from our superintendent in Estonia reports that the Estonian Government has turned over a former Orthodox Church building in Tarsu to us. It will be used by our Methodist people there, and the Baptists and Adventists. As our Methodist Church was destroyed by actions during the war, our people of course are very happy about the arrangement. I enclose a picture [above] of it.

More Pride, Methodist Heritage

FREDERICK E. MASER, *Pastor*
St. George's Methodist Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

Congratulations on your *Methodist Europa* [June, page 35]. It is an exciting, fascinating guide that will fill a definite need and give our people a sense of pride in the wealth of the Methodist heritage.

Puts Europa Map to Use

MRS. ARTHUR E. FINGER
Tonawanda, N.Y.

I want to express my appreciation and great enthusiasm for the *Methodist Europa* guide. My husband and I used it in planning our itinerary for our visit in Europe this summer.

She Adores Nature, But—

MRS. LYLE LARKEY
El Monte, Calif.

I like TOGETHER's covers, especially the ones which set our Methodist magazine off from my husband's *The American Rifleman* and *Field & Stream.* I'm not "agin" nature, but like a church magazine to look like a church magazine.

Wants Data on Wesley Family

ARTHUR S. THORP
Newstead, 9, Grenfell Road
Beaconsfield, Bucks., England

I am a member of the Society of Genealogists and of the Wesley Historical Society, and am interested in the Wesley family.

I should be pleased to correspond with anyone who also is interested in this subject or who could supply information regarding any members of the family.

Suggestion for Willene . . .

BOB SULLIVAN
Bristol, Conn.

Willene McClellan quoted 1 Timothy 2:9 in saying why she will not subscribe to TOGETHER [*Letters*, April, page 68] because pictures showed girls wearing shorts.

I direct her attention to that same chapter, verse 12: "I permit no woman to teach or to have authority over men; she is to keep silent" (RSV).

This is 1963. Some of our finest teachers are women, and there even are women ministers. I think the apostle would agree that some of our best Christian witnesses and leaders today are women.

So, one should not cite Scripture for not subscribing to TOGETHER. It is a wonderful magazine.

It's Wonderful Being a P.K.

THANE SHAW
Norfolk, N.Y.

I am 15 and a minister's son. During the years we have lived in seven parsonages, I have wished many times that my dad was just like everyone else's.

After reading *Is the Parsonage System Obsolete?* [April, page 22], I have come to realize that I would not trade that life for another home.

The parsonages are not always the best houses. But the good things that come to a P.K. (preacher's kid) living in a parsonage far outweigh the bad. The feeling of being on your best behavior soon becomes a habit.

Minister's Wife Applauds Writer

MRS. RICHARD W. SHARPE
Glendale, Calif.

I enjoyed *Is the Parsonage System Obsolete?* Hoorah for Grover C. Bagby for his sensitivity to some of the problems. As a minister's wife, I commend you for publishing this wonderful article.

Wife Likes the Parsonage

MRS. W. E. BRASHARES
LaPorte, Ind.

Having lived in parsonages all my life, except for a few years of rental-allowance arrangements, I think the parsonage system is good.

Most objections could be eliminated if each conference would set minimum standards and recommend parsonage-committee responsibilities and procedures. Some committees do not know what is expected of them.

The rental-allowance system can be a problem, especially if a minister cannot find a house. And purchasing can be prohibitive.

A pastor cannot effectively begin his ministry to a new congregation if he has no place to live. Also, much time can be lost house-hunting.

A pastor may feel obligated to buy a home from his predecessor, under the purchase system. Or he may find his predecessor his landlord! I know the case of a district superintendent who was landlord to one of his pastors.

The church benefits by providing adequate housing for the pastor and his family. At the same time, the minister who wants to invest can buy property for vacation use or retirement.

Should Preachers Marry?

MRS. GEORGE E. FURNIVAL
Pleasant Valley, N.Y.

Most clergymen's families are adequately housed, and enjoy a good relationship with the church. However, too many families find their situation intolerable. Mr. Bagby understates his case. Mr. Garrison speaks of a more excellent way. It would seem that the question revealed by *Is the Parsonage System Obsolete?* is, "Ought we have a celibate clergy?"

Have You Experiences to Share?

JESSE H. ROBERTS, *Pastor*
St. John's Methodist Church
Chicago, Ill.

In your April, 1960, issue you published my article *There Can Be Strength in Tragedy* [page 23]. In it I

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BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

stated that I felt only the church could undertake the care of such children as our handicapped child in the spirit of Christian love. I have been proved wrong.

Our five-year-old son is now in Illinois State School at Lincoln. I find the Spirit of Christ there, for those who care for him show a deep love and consideration. We sometimes forget how deeply the Spirit of Christ and humanitarian compassion permeates our society.

As chairman of a Rock River Conference committee studying the need of handicapped children which can be met by The Methodist Church, I will appreciate the experience and suggestions of TOGETHER readers.

Nothing evil in their faces!

Bare Arms and Open Faces

MRS. W. E. CHRISTNAGEL
Little Falls, Minn.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I looked back through the February issue to find the picture [top, page 1] to which a reader objected [*Letters,* May, page 71]. It is a picture of happy young persons sunning themselves after a swim. True, the young men have bare chests and the girls bare arms. But there is nothing sinful in their faces.

Any evil would have to come from the mind of the one who looks at the picture. There is plenty of evil in the world, but let's not look for it where it doesn't exist.

Plaudits for Suné

SUZANNE LANE
Burbank, Calif.

It upsets me to see letters from readers calling Suné Richards' pictures "artificial looking" [*Letters,* June, page 70]. I have heard her talk about her pictures twice and enjoyed it very much. If I had not heard her, I would not know as much about the Bible as I do.

Suzanne is 13½ years old.—EDS.

Church-School Look Stimulates

HENRY M. BULLOCK, *Editor*
Church-School Publications
Methodist Board of Education
Nashville, Tenn.

Coming Soon: New-Look Lessons for Church Schools [June, page 30] does a fine job of interpretation. We anticipate many inquiries about this new material.

She Has Wesley Tablecloth

KENNETH BAWDEN
Porthleven, Cornwall, England

We are very interested in the special Aldersgate Issue for May because my church at Porthleven was before Methodist Union a Wesley Church. As an added point of interest, my mother has a tablecloth which was used by one of her ancestors when entertaining John Wesley on one of his tours of Cornwall at St. Ives.

Article Cheers Daughter

LORINDA A. ROBERTS
Somerville, Mass.

My mother, Lydia Lion Roberts, wrote a great deal, so I did not know she had written *Moments of Stillness* until it was published [January, page 21]. I am pleased that you printed it posthumously (my mother died in April, 1961).

Together Brings Results

KENNETH and IWEETA McINTOSH
Church Development Missionaries
883 King's Road, E-9
Hong Kong, British Crown Colony

Following our appeal for reading material to help Chinese learn English [*Letters,* March, page 64], we have received 68 packages, mostly issues of TOGETHER, from 26 states. And more are coming in. Many people have written helpful letters. We can truthfully say this illustrates that TOGETHER is widely read and used.

We have distributed these issues to our Chinese people, who are reading them eagerly.

We ourselves have used TOGETHER from its inception, and our children enjoy *Together With the Small Fry.*

The McIntoshes: Kenneth and Iweeta and their children, Mark and Mary.

Is Repeating Praying?

RALPH W. MARTIN, JR., *Pastor*
New Wilmington, Pa.

Congratulations on a very fine Aldersgate issue.

But the bottom caption in *Ohio Takes a Cue From the Circuit Rider* [May, page 52] reads: "Here he asks two teenagers to join him in repeating the Lord's Prayer." If the Lord's Prayer is to be given its true meaning, it should be *prayed*, not simply repeated.

She's Proud of Two Pastors

MRS. MARJORIE DAWSON
Marshall, Mo.

I have had many occasions to be proud that I am one of the "people called Methodists."

Now I have two reasons. At the time the Rev. Monk Bryan wrote a weekly meditation for *Light Unto My Path* [May, 1962], I was a member of his church in Columbia, Mo. Now I am a member of the church here whose pastor, the Rev. Clinton B. Galatas, wrote a meditation in the April issue [page 54]. I feel fortunate in having these two men as pastors, and I thank TOGETHER for recognizing them.

He Welcomes Denman Challenge

DON MOSES, *Student*
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

Harry Denman's *What Aldersgate Means to Me* [May, page 23] presents a real challenge. The church is plagued with members who do not know Christ as their personal Savior but are searching for faith and assurance just as Wesley before his Aldersgate experience. Young persons are hungry for such an experience.

About Harry Denman, Friend

H. C. PAWSON, *Former Vice-Pres.*
British Methodist Conference
Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, England

I am warmly grateful to you for sending me a copy of TOGETHER for May, 1963. My sincere congratulations on this excellent production. It is a great delight to me to have amongst other things the article about my very good friend, Dr. Harry Denman.

He Was the Veep

RALPH W. LEE, *Retired Minister*
Long Beach, Calif.

The June issue of TOGETHER is one of the best you have turned out.

However, I must call attention to an error in *Will Britain Separate Church and State?* [page 12]. The author, George Thomas, is not a past president, but a past vice-president of the British Methodist Conference. Only an ordained Methodist minister can serve as president of that conference and only a Methodist layman can serve as vice-

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president. This is a tradition of long standing in British Methodism.

He's Grateful to Bowne

WARREN E. STEINKRAUS
Professor, Union College
Barbourville, Ky.

I want to thank you for L. Harold DeWolf's *Bowne: He Restored Belief in God as a Person* [June, page 25].

In these days when certain theologians deny that God is a conscious intelligence, or remark that God is "totally other" and unavailable to man, it is refreshing to get the emphasis of Bowne that God is truly personal (though not picturable), and that he is involved directly in nature and in the affairs of men, without being identified with either. When theologians deny the personality of God, they remove the grounds for prayer and fellowship on the part of the believer —and thus miss the central theme of John Wesley's preaching, to say nothing of the whole sweep of Christian tradition and sound philosophy.

She Appreciates J. Wesley More

MRS. HUGH J. DAVIS
Washington, D.C.

Thank you very much for the May Aldersgate issue of TOGETHER. I have read it with keen interest and now have a deeper understanding and appreciation of John Wesley and his wonderful life and works.

Facts on Courts and Religion

MRS. J. W. ERVIN, SR.
Keyser, W.Va.

The Courts and Religion: What's Coming Up Next? [Church in Action, June, page 3] is a terse, factual report.

But why not tell the details of the Baltimore Case (the challenge to Bible reading or recitation of the Lord's Prayer in public schools)? Methodists should know that the pupil and mother in this case are atheists. Atheists deny the existence of God; they recognize nothing higher than the animal nature in themselves and others. Not believing in God, they have no religion.

How can the Constitution or any law restrict the "free exercise" of anything that does not exist? Thus the complaint that an individual's minority rights are infringed upon when prayer is said in the presence of that pupil is ridiculous.

Why do not Methodist leaders suggest some positive action by church members to encourage their congressmen to prepare a constitutional amendment allowing the "free exercise" of religion in public schools?

Urges Weekday Church School

FREDERICK H. GORDON
Drexel Hill, Pa.

The article on church and state was very interesting. It states that the separation issue "is expected to boil anew." I was boiling when I thought about it, and I hope many of our people likewise will boil—so that we will bring our church-school methods up to date.

I joined The Methodist Church in 1946 and almost immediately began teaching a church-school class, and I have been engaged in church-school work continuously.

My observation is that our church-school system is inadequate and antiquated. We attempt to give girls and boys a Christian education in 52 hours a year—actually reduced by sickness and vacations to about 30 or 35 hours. Although many teachers are capable and dedicated, others are not qualified.

In our area, there are five Methodist congregations. Why not arrange a unified system of education? Classes could be held after regular school classes once or twice a week, or in a "shared time" program. The courses ought to carry through senior high school, and a certificate of achievement could be given at graduation.

A program of weekday religious instruction would provide in-depth education. It would reduce the number of drop-outs, which now is noticeable among high school pupils. Methodism could obtain better-trained teachers to operate this program.

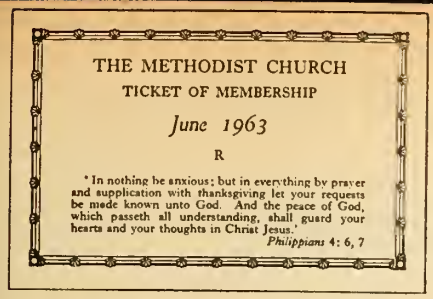
Illiterate re Methodism

JOHN H. EMERSON, *Pastor*
Trinity Methodist Church
Santa Clara, Calif.

I agree with Mrs. Porter Brown [*Too Easy to Be a Methodist Today?* May, page 28] that we need higher membership standards. Too many members are illiterate about Methodism. After one seven-week preparatory course, transfers attest to the value of the study and a new sense of fellowship.

Discipleship requires grooming. Just as the surgeon and the insurance agent need training, so the Christian needs high standards of membership.

"I've just got a tummy ache, but maybe you'd better put my boots on me in case I don't pull through!"



THE METHODIST CHURCH
TICKET OF MEMBERSHIP
June 1963
R
'In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.'
Philippians 4: 6, 7

YR EGLWYS FETHODISTAIDD
Arwydd Chwarterol Aelodaeth
Arwydd Chwarterol Medi 1957
U
Wedi goleuo llygaid eich meddyliau; fel y gwypoch beth yw gobaith ei alwedigaeth ef, a pheth yw golud gogoniant ei etifeddiaeth ef yn y saint. A pheth yw thagorol fawredd ei nerth ef tuag attom ni y rhai ym yn credu, yn ol gweithrediad nerth ei gadernid ef.
Epheseiaid 1, 18—19

Quarterly tickets: Still used in England (top) and Wales (bottom).

British Still Use Class Tickets

WILLIAM PARKES, *Pastor*
Sheffield, Yorkshire, England

It was intriguing to read *Too Easy To Be a Methodist?* in the splendid Aldersgate edition. A similar debate has been going on in British Methodism.

As a collector, I was fascinated by the photograph of the Methodist Episcopal Church quarterly ticket. These still are used in Britain. We commonly call them class tickets. Some families possess series tracing their links with the 18th century revival.

British Methodist membership generally is confined to very strict limits. In some churches, attendance at class meeting still is observed as a strict rule for full [church] membership. An annual review of the church roll is an obligation, and inactive members who are not able adequately to excuse themselves are not continued.

If we accepted members on a simple basis of showing a general interest in the church and attending from time to time, we could treble our membership overnight.

We might well in Britain make the path too narrow, and be tied to the [Wesleyan] society's day instead of the needs of a modern living church. On the other hand, we fear anything that savors of a "club" attitude. We sometimes wonder whether the American church has thrown open the door a little too wide.

Anybody Can Join!

IVA CONNER
Wichita, Kans.

Why shouldn't persons hold their membership responsibilities very lightly? [See *Too Easy to Be a Methodist Today?* May, page 28.] Anybody can join a Methodist Church.

A young girl on the bus said to her friend, "I joined The Methodist Church last night. That's three I belong to."

I joined the church at age nine without special instruction. I never learned much about the church until I was asked to teach a class. Both as a deaconess and as a volunteer worker in church, I have not observed the type of training for adults and youth advocated by either the Rev. Ben F. Lehmberg or Mrs. Porter Brown. Attendance at worship services and financial responsibilities are taken lightly by many members. People who refuse to pledge, who neglect to pay pledges made, who do not believe in missions, have not been adequately taught.

His Training Is Just a Starter

PAUL E. PATTERSON, *Pastor*
South Methodist Church
Grand Rapids, Mich.

If membership-training before joining the church is only for the sake of screening out "undesirables," I don't approve of it.

I expect attendance at such sessions as a way of building fellowship, as a start toward assimilation, and as a symbol of fair play. I ask no one to make a decision about membership until he learns the privileges and duties he is about to assume with the help of God. For these reasons, I ask all persons to attend classes, regardless of previous church affiliation.

People Want It Tougher, He Says

GEORGE E. KELSEY, *Pastor*
Coleman, Mich.

I agree heartily with Mrs. Porter Brown. How often have members and nonmembers told me that "The Methodist Church doesn't have any standards." Requirements for membership were so low—or nonexistent—that joining the church "just didn't mean anything."

When one came to know them, he discovered that people longed for ideals, regulations for living, and a fellowship that demanded their best yet loved them when they failed. Our people want more than a "successful" church organization.

Is It Fair to Be Easy?

WAYNE R. SCHAUB, *Assoc. Pastor*
Morgan Park Methodist Church
Chicago, Ill.

Persons who have participated in such a training program as Mrs. Brown suggests have become active in church life and have expressed to me their gratitude for being able to discuss frankly the meaning of membership.

Are we being fair to accept persons as members without letting them know their obligations as Christians? Is it fair to say, either explicitly or by our silence, that they have few or no obligations on joining the church?

We pastors can show people we love them by spending time with them to talk about the faith, to answer questions, to hear their doubts. They will thank us for not making it easy and meaningless to become members.

Prisoners to Get Together?

G. WELDON GATLIN, *Director*
Area and Conference Evangelism
Methodist Board of Evangelism
Nashville, Tenn.

Recently I preached in the Pennsylvania Rockview Prison for Chaplain Kenneth R. Anderson—and learned that prisoners read TOGETHER avidly. Subscribers who are loath to throw away back issues may like to send them to Chaplain Anderson. His address is: c/o Rockview Prison, R.D. 3, Bellefonte, Pa.

Methodist Chaplain E. F. Mayton, Jr., of Raiford Prison (Box 221), Raiford, Fla., also is doing excellent work.

Copies of TOGETHER may be welcomed also by Methodist Chaplains Kenneth D. Summy and Wade K. Tomme, who are performing a splendid service with recruits at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas.

CAMERA CLIQUE

No Time for Stopping: You don't have to stop making color pictures when the sun goes down.

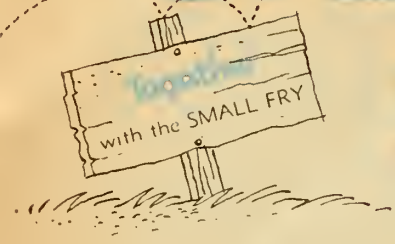
If our photographer had done that, we'd never have had the picture illustrating Thomas Wolfe's Enraptured Moments *[inside cover and page 1]. The location was the shiny, wet pavement of Chicago's famed State Street where the blue-green light from the mercury-vapor lamps makes it the best-lighted street in the world and permits exposures on daylight color film.*

Using a Rolleiflex loaded with Super Ektachrome and mounted on a tripod, the photographer made an exposure of 1/8 second at f/5.6. It was calculated by using a meter. However, if you do not have a meter and must guess, start with 1/10 second at f/3.5 and experiment with different times. Using the same opening, make the next exposure twice as long, 1/5 second, then try 1/2 second, and finally a full second. One of these will give you the desired result whether it be a bright and dancing reflection or a dark and somber appearance. Try it.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

First Cover—Jim Pond • Second Cover—Judy Miller • 3 Bot.—Nelson K. Hamilton • 7—Methodist Information • 10—American University • 12-56—Methodist Prints • 13-21—RNS • 16-17-18—Flip Schulke, Black Star • 24 Top—Reed McCaskey, Photo-Graphic Arts • 25 Top—Henry Ford Hospital • 31-32-33-34—Ed Maker, *Denver Post* • 40-41-42-43—Ricardo Salama • 46—Robert McCullough • 50—From *Palestine Before the Hebrews* by Emmanuel Anati, courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. • 53—From *Sea So Big, Ship So Small* by Jeanne Bendick, copyright 1963 by Rand McNally & Co., publishers and copyright owners • 64-Third Cover—Peter J. Perowne • 3 Top-39—George P. Miller.

Inadvertently miscredited in July was the picture of John Wesley and the Indians on page 27. The correct credit is: Review Pictures.—EDITORS.



SPECIAL IDEAS FOR SUMMERTIME

No matter where you live, summertime is a special time with new places to go, good books to read, and lots of things to do.

But sometimes, in between trips and books and games, boys and girls begin to wonder, "Now, what can I do?" Here are some special ideas that will shorten any summer day. Try them and see!

DESIGN YOUR OWN JEWELRY...

HERE'S HOW to make all kinds of shiny, silvery jewelry—badges and tie clips for boys; pins, necklaces, and bracelets for girls!

To make a pin or badge, first cut a small circle from a piece of cardboard. Then cut a slightly larger circle from aluminum foil, being careful not to wrinkle the foil any more than necessary.

Now, place the shiny side of the foil against a magazine and with a pencil or ball-point pen, draw a design on the foil. Then turn the foil over, place it on the cardboard circle, and fold the edges tightly behind the cardboard. Next, fasten a safety pin to the back of the cardboard with cellophane tape, and your first piece of jewelry will be ready to wear! The design you made will stand out just a little and look very attractive. If you'd like to print your name on a pin or badge, do it after the foil has been wrapped around the cardboard. Use an ordinary pencil, and your name will appear to be engraved in the badge.

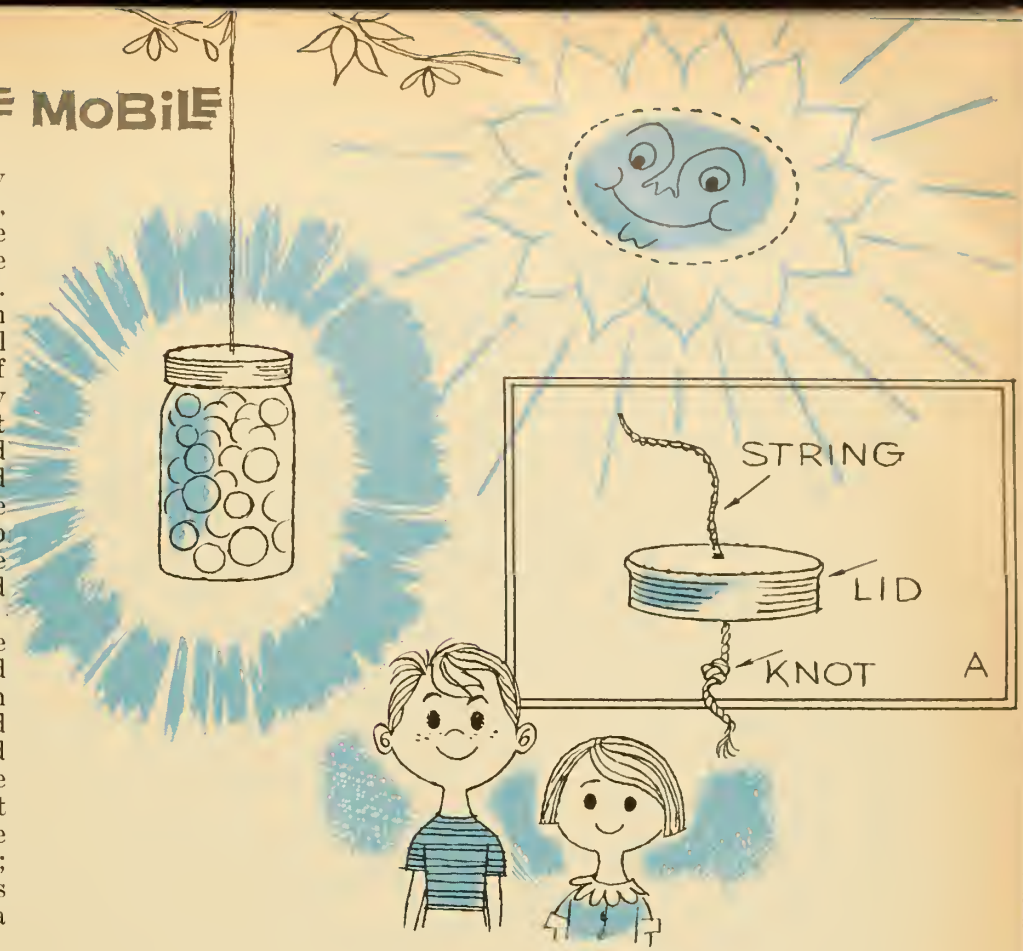
Then see if you can think of other kinds of aluminum-foil jewelry to make. For a tie clip, fasten a paper clip to the back of a piece of foil-covered cardboard. Exciting bracelets can be made by cutting sections off a cardboard tube (like the kind inside rolls of waxed paper and aluminum foil). Cut one side of the tube section open (see drawing), and the bracelet will fit nicely over your wrist. Tell your friends how to make jewelry, too. If you make several pieces, you might enjoy trading them or playing jewelry store.

MAKE A MARBLE MOBILE

IF YOU HAVE some brightly colored marbles (the clear kind), you can make a beautiful mobile to hang in the sunshine—outside on a tree or perhaps on a porch.

First, punch a small hole in the center of the lid of a small jar. Then poke a strong piece of string or twine a short way through the lid and make a knot in the string underneath the lid (drawing A). The knot should be large enough so that the string cannot be pulled back up through the lid. If you have trouble, ask Mom or Dad to lend a helping hand.

Then fill the jar with the bright, clear marbles, and add water until it reaches the rim of the jar. Next, screw the lid tightly on the jar and ask Dad to hang up your finished mobile by the string. When you look at the jar against the sunlight, the marbles will look very beautiful; and you will feel almost as though you are looking at a stained-glass window.



NAME THE FLOWERS

ALL OVER the world, many flowers and plants have interesting, common names. The answers to this quiz are all names of such flowers. Can you guess what they are?

What might you be wearing if you were:

1. A Dutchman?
2. A tired lady?
3. A bachelor?
4. A dressed-up fox?
5. A queen?

—MRS. CLIFFORD BAIN

Answers:

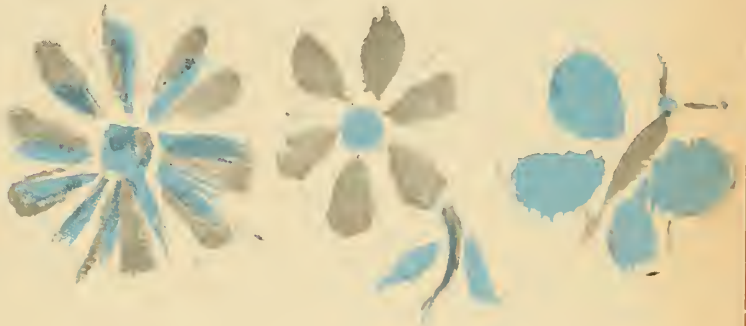
1. Dutchman-breeches. 2. Lady's slipper. 3. Bachelor's buttons. 4. Foxgloves. 5. Queen Anne's lace.

QUIET SOUNDS

If you listen carefully,
You can hear a bumblebee;
You can hear a cherry drop;
You can hear a rabbit hop.

If you listen carefully,
You can hear a willow tree;
You can hear a pigeon coo;
You can hear God talk to you.

—RUTH ADAMS MURRAY



PAINT WITH PLANTS

HAVE YOU EVER tried painting with flowers? To begin, you will need a flower with fairly large petals, such as a rose or zinnia. Flowers that have begun to wilt will work just fine, so do not pick fresh flowers around your house unless Mother says it is all right.

Place a flower petal on a piece of paper, and then rub it gently with a small stick or the eraser end of a pencil. Use several colors of petals and leaves for different effects. After a bit of experimenting, you will be able to make many interesting prints. You might even decorate note paper or make greeting cards with some of your own "plant paintings."

—LUCILE ROSENCRANS

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

IN THIS ISSUE

1 **Enraptured Moments . . .** (*Color Pictorial*) *Thomas Wolfe*

11 **A Prayer That Did Not Help** *Roy L. Smith*

12 **Which Roman Catholicism?** *José Míguez*

15 **Father on a Pedestal** *Winn Church*

16 **Witness at Daytona Beach** (*Pictorial*)

19 **Karl Barth: Theology for a World in Crisis** *Bishop Ferdinand Sigg*

21 **Gentle-Mannered Iconoclast** *Herbert E. Langendorff*

23 **Grandma Lavisky's Memory Garden** *Viola Burch*

24 **Unusual Methodists**

26 **Three Strikes and a Bawl** *Emily C. Harris*

28 **The Noisy Child in Church?** (*Powwow*) *William A. Lufburrow, Ben B. St. Clair, Les Thompson, Jr.*

31 **Backtracking 'Father' Dyer** (*Color Pictorial*)

35 **New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls** *Thurman L. Coss*

40 **Three-Year Missionary in Bolivia** (*Pictorial*)

45 **Ten Commandments for Parents**

46 **An Exchange of Love** *Lois T. Henderson*

54 **Charity** *Margaret Schumacher*

64 **Church With a Thatched Steeple!** (*Color Pictorial*)

FEATURES/DEPARTMENTS

Page 3 **Church in Action** / 38 **Teens Together** / 39 **Your Faith and Your Church** / 44 **Light Unto My Path** / 49 **Browsing in Fiction** / 50 **Looks at New Books** / 55 **Your Letters** / 59 **Camera Clique, Photo Credits** / 60 **Small Fry.**

After-Hour Jottings

It will be easy for you . . . to turn back to the cool, inviting color pictures on pages 31-34 and follow the century-old trail of rugged "Father" Dyer across the rooftop of America. But it wasn't exactly easy for the photographer to go there and come back with these pictures of Alpine meadows, 13,000-foot passes, and the rugged Rocky Mountain terrain visited by few people even today. Like most other newspaper photographers, ***Ed Maker*** of the *Denver Post* is used to danger, hardship, and occasionally pulling off the impossible. He admits, however, that he did not know what he was getting into when he took our assignment to accompany ***Miss Phyllis Lane*** and her companions on the frontier preacher's lofty trail. To begin with, there were some things he did not know about Miss Lane.

Columbine

"Did you know that she is a mountain climber . . . that practically all her free time is spent climbing, skiing, and so forth?" he wrote. "I didn't know this before we started, but I soon found out!"

They left Denver one sunshiny morning, but struck out on foot when the road ran out in thin air around the 10,000-foot level. "After walking uphill for another mile or so, we came upon the gradual slopes of a mountain meadow, or plateau. Fording a stream, eating lunch came next. We had walked about 2½ miles before lunch. Took almost three hours to walk that far. I walked about another mile after lunch, when I pooped out pretty badly. It also was 2 p.m., and I wondered if we could get up at all. Phyllis had led the way and was just warming up. By this time, the clouds were gathering, the way they always do in the mountains in the afternoons."

The marker Mr. Maker wanted to photograph was at the top of the pass (elevation about 13,000 feet) that seemed out of reach in the gathering mist. Just then three Jeeps appeared, almost miraculously it seemed, and the hiking party rode up in style. Mr. Maker returned to his automobile in a hail and rain storm—but with the pictures he wanted.

While we're in the Rockies . . . we'd like to mention a day in Denver three years ago, between sessions of the 1960 General Conference, when we looked up through empty space at "Father" Dyer's stained-glass image in the great dome of Colorado's state capitol. From there, the naked eye misses some details. Only in the telephoto shot on page 31 did one of our editors, a native of Colorado, note the presence of the columbine, Colorado's state flower. . . . ***Warner Sallman***, whose *Head of Christ* is said to be the most popular religious art work in the world, has painted a portrait of **Dr. Harry Denman**, Methodism's world-known global lay evangelist whose story appeared on pages 25-27 in TOGETHER's special Aldersgate Issue last May. . . . ***Astronaut Gordon Cooper*** [see April, page 27] and the ***Rev. Joseph A. Keiper*** both are Methodists, but the similarity doesn't stop there. Both are pretty well known on the Atlantic missile-tracking range—Cooper for you know what, Mr. Keiper because he travels nearly 200,000 miles a year ministering to space-age folk who spend their time in the tracking stations. His work is interdenominational.

Cooper

Did you ever notice . . . how often the name "Wesley," or the initial "W," turns up among Methodists in honor of the founder of the church? Churches, too, honor him. In Illinois Area alone, there are 16 Wesley and 3 Aldersgate Methodist churches, the latter commemorating his "heartwarming experience" of 225 years ago. His memory also is commemorated in hospitals, retirement homes, and schools.—EDS.

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Editor: **Leland D. Case** / Executive Editor: **Richard C. Underwood** / Managing Editor: **Herbert E. Langendorff** / Art Editor: **Floyd A. Johnson** / Associates: **Paige Carlin, Helen Johnson, Ira M. Mohler, Charles E. Munson, H. B. Teeter** / Assistants: **Else Bjornstad** (research), **Loretta Carlson** (production), **Robert C. Goss** (art), **George P. Miller** (photos) / Editorial Associate: **Anthony J. Tolbert III** / Contributing Editor: **Ewing T. Wayland** / Business Manager: **Warren P. Clark** / Advertising Manager: **John H. Fisher** / Circulation Manager: **Thomas B. Newton.** **Publisher: Lovick Pierce.**

"...how does our church help other people?"

Could you answer this little fellow's question simply, directly?
. . . or,
what if a new neighbor asked you how your Methodist church is organized?

The embarrassment of not knowing about our total church and its great works can be deep, indeed.

KNOW YOUR CHURCH is the name of a new series of helpful features starting next month.

The organization and agencies that weld ten million Methodists into a great Christian body will be discussed and illustrated in this illuminating series.

Now is the time to make sure that your family, your church school class, and the families of your church receive this important series in TOGETHER.

Write today about—
—special group rates
—reprints of KNOW YOUR CHURCH articles

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(Advertisement)

When their church's two-story framework is done, these Guaymi Indians will go to the jungle for roofing materials.

On a jungle island in Panama ...

Church With a Thatched Steeple!

West of the Canal Zone, and hard off Panama's Caribbean Coast, Coco Cay is a tropic island of sweltering swamps, tangled mangrove thickets, and dense, vine-covered forests.

IT REALLY isn't a steeple, of course—but the high thatched roof is the nearest thing to a church steeple on Coco Cay, a green island in the sunny Caribbean off Panama.

Twenty-two years ago, the Guaymi Indians who worship there migrated from Panama's Valienti Peninsula. But nobody came to teach their children to read and write, and nobody came to preach the Gospel.

In 1961, however, Santiago Smith visited his brother on Coco Cay, and stayed to build a school. Trained by missionaries, he next went to British Methodism's mis-

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

New York Area

BISHOP
Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR
Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y.

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 8 AUGUST, 1963

8 DELAWARE CHURCHES TO TRANSFER TO MERGED CONFERENCES

Bishop at White House Parley on Race Issue

President and Attorney General Oultine Civil Rights Plan

Bishop Wicke was among 11 Methodist bishops who heard President Kennedy say at a conference of religious leaders that the leadership of the church is paramount in mobilizing support for the drive toward racial justice and equality.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy said that voluntary settlement by negotiation is, of course, preferable to demonstrations, but that it is in the American tradition to walk and carry signs when people have tried many times for negotiation.

He said securing new civil-rights legislation meant a hard struggle and made a plea for the churchmen's support.

Tells Conference Race Issue at Turning Point

Church leaders must give up the "tripe and drivel" they have been feeding Negroes in their pronouncements on race and be willing to join picket lines or go to jail for their convictions, Dr. A. Dudley Ward, general secretary-elect of the General Board of Christian Social Concerns, told the New York East Annual Conference in Middletown, Conn.

He warned the delegates that this summer is marking a turning point in the racial struggle.

"The Martin Luther Kings and other Negro leaders can no longer live in passive nonviolence," he declared. "We are now entering an era of coercive nonviolence. The Negroes are now saying, 'We will have freedom and justice whether you like it or not!' I believe the jails will be filled this summer and we will have concentration camps on the fair grounds of this land."

Civil Rights Volunteer

Dr. Edgar N. Jackson, on sabbatical leave from the Mamaroneck Methodist Church, has volunteered to serve for three months at his own expense on the staff of the General Board of Christian Social Concerns to join the battle for civil rights in any part of the country.

No Substitute

Applauding speakers who speak out for racial integration is no substitute for action, Bishop Wicke told the New York East and Newark Conferences. He told the delegates resolutions mean nothing unless a church is willing to take steps to put its convictions into practice.

No white delegate should applaud a speaker unless he is willing to accept a Negro as minister of his church, the bishop asserted.

Urge Direct Appeal

New York East Conference delegates urged Bishop Wicke to appeal directly to the people to welcome any qualified minister to a pulpit without regard to his race.

Delegates Pass Resolution

They passed a resolution asking that he convene members of pastoral relations committees to enlist their understanding and support, and that he write a letter to be read from all pulpits expressing his views on racial problems "with specific attention to appointments, church membership, and Christian action in the community."

The delegates also supported a resolution calling for open housing, pledging themselves to work in their communities for the acceptance of persons of all races in the rental and sale of houses. The Newark Conference took similar action.

Assail School Segregation

No one in Norwalk, Conn., has any doubt about the stand of the local Methodist church on racial segregation in the public schools.

The official board passed a resolution calling for desegregation in the Nathaniel Ely School claiming that the "de facto" condition violates Christian conscience "and is not in keeping with our concept of a free and democratic society."

The church took advertising space in the *Norwalk Hour* to publish the resolution, the names of official board members, and pastor, the Rev. Barton Bovee.

1964 to See End of Segregation In NYC and Westchester County

The Delaware Annual Conference has approved the transfer of eight churches in the New York Metropolitan Area to the New York and New York East Conferences, which will be merged in 1964.

The move is the most significant step so far toward abolition of the all-Negro Central Jurisdiction. The eight churches, among the Delaware Conference's largest are: Newman Memorial, John Wesley, and Redeemer Churches in Brooklyn; Brooks Memorial, Jamaica; Butler Memorial, the Bronx; Trinity, White Plains; St. Matthew, Ossining; and St. Luke, New Rochelle.

The recommendation of transfer was made by the Board of Christian Social Concerns at the annual session in Philadelphia, Pa., but little hope was held for the passage of the measure until the closing days of the conference. Many leaders felt that the churches should be retained until the entire conference is ready to integrate with its numerous geographical areas. Strong lay support, however, produced a vote of 150-74, a one-vote margin over the necessary two-thirds majority.

At the New York East Annual Conference in Middletown, Conn., the news was greeted with an ovation. The Rev. Lloyd Duren of Huntington, N.Y., chairman of the committee on jurisdictional transfers, introduced the Rev. Charles Carrington and the Rev. Henri Deas, pastors of Brooks Memorial and Newman Memorial Churches, respectively, who outlined the action taken by the Delaware Conference.

The transfers will become effective at the first session of the merged New York Conference in the spring of 1964.

Crusade Over the Top

The Urgent Needs Crusade in the New York East Conference has gone well over the goal, it was reported at the annual conference session.

Churches have committed themselves to raise $3,631,439, the Rev. Paul Abel reported. The goal was $3,366,000 to benefit inner-city work, church extension, retirement homes, summer camps, and ministerial recruitment.

The delegates elected the following persons to represent them at General Con-

ference: clergy: the Rev. Henry C. Whyman, the Rev. William H. Alderson, the Rev. Loyd F. Worley, the Rev. Arthur T. Tedcastle, and the Rev. Richard Thornburg; laymen: Louis Hauser, Robert Preusch, Mrs. Ronald Law, Miss Ethel Johnson, and William W. Reid.

The conference reaffirmed its stand favoring the admission of the People's Republic of China to the United Nations and concurred in General Conference memorials asking that the reference to tobacco be dropped from ordination requirements and that official board members be no longer required to abstain from alcoholic beverages.

Pastor's Son Honored

Dr. Lionel R. Driscoll of Saranac Lake, N.Y., shared the platform with President Kennedy at commencement exercises at American University.

The pastor pronounced the benediction at the graduation of his son, Lionel, Jr., who was honored as top scholar in the school of government.

Jowil Photo Service

Dr. L. R. Driscoll, son at AU graduation.

Drew President Robert F. Oxnam and Bishop Fred Holloway of West Virginia, past president, inspect bishop's portrait.

Lay Speakers Trained

Twelve men and a woman have received certificates as lay speakers after completing a five-week course in public worship, sermon preparation, Christian beliefs, Methodist background, and organization.

They are: Robert S. Andrews, Mrs. John Frawley, and C. Henry Tiger of Voorheesville, N.Y.; Dr. Theodore G. Brown, Jr., Robert Ruckterstuhl, and Donald H. Smith of Slingerlands, N.Y.; William J. Klopfer, Jacob H. Stone, Harold A. Vine, and Charles W. Wyld, Jr., of Albany, N.Y.; Winston E. Rolfe of Delmar, N.Y.; and Richard L. Wemple, Jr., and Chester W. Vanderbilt of Rensselaer, N.Y.

The course was planned by Harold A. Dodge of Slingerlands, Troy Conference director of lay speakers, and C. W. Vanderbilt, Troy District lay leader.

The teachers were the Rev. Royal B. Fishbeck, Jr., of Slingerlands, the Rev. William Vigne of Delmar, and the Rev. Walter Taylor of Voorheesville.

Troy Conference lay speakers receive certificates from former Albany District Superintendent Robert Thomas, right foreground. Teacher Royal Fishbeck is at left.

Ask Church Extension Aid

The Newark Conference authorized its Board of Missions to raise $110,000 in 1964-65 for church extension above the budget allotment of $40,000.

In an effort to provide more funds for the enlargement of existing churches and the construction of new churches, the board recommended that the budget item be increased over the next four years to a total of $75,000 by 1967-68 with a corresponding decrease in the amount to be raised from other sources declining to $75,000 by 1967-68. The total to be spent each year for church extension would be $150,000.

The unbudgeted amount will be raised from individuals, churches, and through Church Builders' clubs, and will be devoted to church extension in cities as well as rural and suburban areas.

The Rev. Edward McLaughlin, treasurer, announced that of the $1,390,000 pledged to the Faith in Action Crusade, $678,892 has been collected. The goal is $2,150,000. Bishop Wicke reminded the delegates that the churches agreed two years ago to raise that amount over a three-year period and urged every congregation to make a renewed effort to reach the goal.

The conference adopted the largest budget in its history for 1964-65, a total of $809,041, or $70,446 more than 1963-64.

Ministerial delegates elected to General Conference were: the Rev. Robert B. Goodwin of Madison; Dr. Eugene L. Smith of East Orange, general secretary of the Division of World Missions; the Rev. Forest M. Fuess of Englewood, superintendent of the Northern District; and the Rev. William F. B. Rodda of Chatham, N.J.

Lay delegates are: Charles C. Parlin of Englewood; Mrs. Robert Taylor of Chatham, president of the conference Woman's Society of Christian Service; President Robert F. Oxnam of Drew University; and Robert W. Carson of Little Falls, former conference lay leader.

A message expressing "gratitude and high regard for the inspiration given by Pope John XXIII in his life and death" was forwarded to the office of the Bishop of Rome of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Board of Christian Social Concerns called upon all churches to support "reasonable peaceful movements," to rectify racial problems in the schools, and to

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Ten percent	$3.12	78¢ each
Twenty percent	$2.76	69¢ each
Thirty percent	$2.52	63¢ each

(Fewer than ten percent but grouped and submitted through the church office: $3.96 a year, cash with order.)

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

work for open occupancy in the rental and sale of houses.

The conference approved a resolution by the Rev. John Infanger of Rutherford, that the churches consider the matter of placing church property on the tax rolls to help ease the financial burdens of municipalities.

Drew's News

The Rev. James Scott Sessions has been appointed chaplain of the college of liberal arts. He was formerly Methodist chaplain at Princeton University. He was graduated magna cum laude from the Drew Theological School, in 1962, having received a B.A. in philosophy from Southern Methodist University in 1958. He also studied at the Perkins School of Theology. He served in 1958-59 as assistant minister of Grace Church in Dallas, Texas, and in 1959-60 as assistant at the Sea Cliff Church, N.Y., and in 1960-61 received a Danforth Grant to Brown University.

•

The Green Key Club service organization has elected Miss Valerie Greenspan of Florham Park, N.J., president, and Miss Ann V. Warner of Elizabeth, N.J., vice-president.

•

A one-day conference for New Jersey College chemistry teachers on the *Construction and Use of a Gas Chromatograph in Chemical Education* was held at Drew.

•

Guy Cunningham of 9 Read Rd., Chatham, N.J., received Drew's Alumni Achievement Award in the Arts. He is vice-president of the Television Bureau of Advertising.

Dormitory Nears Completion

The new 80-student dormitory on Rae Terrace will be ready for students at the opening of Green Mountain College next September.

Ames Hall is being renovated this summer.

Proposed addition at Central Valley, N.Y.

Plan $50,000 Addition

A $50,000 fund drive is under way in Central Valley, N.Y., for an addition to the church. It will provide seven classrooms, fellowship-dining hall, kitchen, conference room and library, study, work room, and lavatories. The church will be repaired.

Ground was broken for a new education building at Patchogue, N.Y.

City Changes Forecast

A New York State Church Council executive and a secretary of the Board of Missions were on the program of the Kingston District Conference.

Dr. Kenneth A. Roadarmel of Syracuse, N.Y., general secretary of the New York State Council of Churches, spoke on *The Church in Our Changing Communities*, forecasting the effect which changes in the Kingston District will have on the churches. He discussed the results of studies being conducted by the council's new division of church planning and research.

Dr. Henry A. Lacy, executive secretary for Southern Asia of the Division of World Missions, of the Methodist Board of Missions, a missionary in India for 14 years, addressed the district confrence on the topic, *The Christian Mission in Southern Asia.*

Study Courses Offered

Four study courses were offered women of the Troy Conference at the annual school of missions at Green Mountain College, Poultney, Vt. Instructors were the Rev. George Teague, Glens Falls; Mrs. John M. Pearson, Hartsdale; Mrs. Milton Randolph, and Mrs. Leon Adkins, both of Nashville, Tenn.

Chamberlain in New Post

Dr. David Chamberlain, former pastor of John Street Church, New York City, has been named Director of Pastoral Care and Counseling for the Ohio Area.

He will be available to ministers and laymen for counseling, and will do research in counseling.

Additional Nominations

Your editor has received encouraging response to last month's editorial entitled "He That Hath Ears, Let Him Hear Himself."

Bob Simpson of Nutley, N.J., asks us to "dump some weed killer" on "grass roots."

Other threadbare and or ungrammatical clichés nominated oblivion are "key people," "ch[illegible] meeting," "host a party," "point up," "lift up," and "speak to a subject." You speak only to persons—or, like the Cabots of Boston, to God.

And while we're on the subject, how are you coming with the campaign to wipe out "Reverend Smith"—or whatever your last name happens to be? It would sound strange to prefix a minister's name with some other adjective—such as "Good Smith" or "Handsome Smith." Please, it's only the Rev. John Smith. Otherwise it's Mr. or Dr. Smith!

M.F.D.

Walter Klenzle Photo

Aldersgate Day anniversary was celebrated at Christ Methodist Church, Glendale, N.Y., with re-enactment of John Wesley's heart-warming experience. Pastor Trygve Fossen is in the rear at right.

Ted Sheehan Photo

A check and a volume of some 2,000 letters were presented to the Rev. Charles J. F. Keil upon retirement. He also has been named pastor emeritus of the Asbury Methodist Church at Croton, N.Y.

Children present offering to missionary.

'Could Hardly Wait'

"My daughter could hardly wait," said a fourth grader's mother when the Dannemora, N.Y., church school learned that the Rev. C. Harold Rickart was coming to visit the church.

For several months the children had been contributing to a "Rickard Offering" for a classmate of their pastor, the Rev. Charles O. Latimer, a missionary in the Ryukyu Islands. They had seen pictures of Mr. Rickard, they had read his letters, and located his mission on a map —and the prospect of actually seeing him in person stirred up great excitement among the youngsters in the church.

In the above photo, Jon Austin, a member of the nursery class, is proudly presenting the offering to a smiling Mr. Rickard. Mr. Latimer, at left, watches the proceedings with justifiable pride in his congregation.

The Short Circuit

The Rev. Walter Taylor, pastor of Galilee Church, Englewood, N.J., was elected chairman of the Newark Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns. Formerly a Delaware Conference church, Galilee came into the Newark Conference in 1959.

Mr. Taylor

Bishop Wicke, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Dr. Harold A. Bosley, and Dr. Floyd George are on the program this summer at Ocean Grove, N.J.

New officers of the United Temperance Society of Connecticut are: the Rev. Wallace Viets, president; Dr. Paul Stoddard, vice-president; Daniel Rowland, second vice-president; and Mrs. S. P. Hayes, secretary.

God and Country award winners at First Church, Delmar, N.Y., are Scouts Thomas E. Guiley, Barton Moore, Mark Williams, and Dennis A. Van Dusen.

Even daily papers are infested with gremlins sometimes; The *Vermont Sunday News* reported that the Rev. Frederick Dyckman was leading three **Vatican** church-school workshops for the Vermont Church Council!

New York and New York East Conference ministers and laymen attended the first Hospitals and Homes banquet to be held in this area at Memorial Church, White Plains, N.Y.

Mrs. Ronald S. Law, president of the New York East Conference WSCS, and Mrs. E. T. Holland of Newton, N.J., will conduct seminars for the Woman's Division in Tacoma, Wash.

The Rev. Leon M. Adkins, Jr., of Newtonville, N.J., has been cited by the New York State Council of Churches for his service as chairman of its legislative committee.

The Rev. and Mrs. Lester Haws of Tarrytown, N.Y., are traveling in the Holy Land, Greece, and Europe this summer. Mr. Haws contributed a meditation to the current issue of *The Upper Room.*

Several students from foreign countries were entertained in the homes of **Mamaroneck,** N.Y., parishioners and one hostess received a letter thanking her for "hospitalizing" them so pleasantly!

Mahlon H. Smith, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Mahlon Smith of Paramus, N.J., won two awards at Drew: the Delaplaine academic accomplishment and promise for the ministry; and the Hutchison Greek Prize for excellence in New Testament studies.

The theology, history, and witness of **Methodist evangelism** were stressed July 8-12, at the annual Northeastern Jurisdiction Conference on Evangelism at Drew. Dr. Allen E. Claxton is chairman.

Six Scouts received God and Country awards at the United Church, Newport, Vt., from the Rev. Bryson M. Smith before his transfer to St. Paul's Church, Castleton-on-Hudson. They are: John Bryson Smith, William Eldridge, Gary Atchinson, Robert Horton, Brian Kerr, and William Round.

The Rev. Frank Hawley of the Stepney, Conn., Church, who was ordained an elder at the New York East Conference, was formerly a Catholic priest, a policeman, and an insurance salesman.

Dr. John R. McLaughlin, secretary of the General Commission on Chaplains, and Mrs. Iona Henry were married June 15, at the Chatham, N.J., Church. Dr. McLaughlin was formerly superintendent of Newark Conference's Northern District and Mrs. McLaughlin for the last four years has been dean of women at Montclair Teachers' College.

MYF Visits Washington

Forty members of the New Canaan, Conn., MYF participated in a five-week seminar on *Christian Responsibilities in Government* before making a trip to Washington, D.C., where they interviewed leaders in departments they had studied.

From left, in the photo at left, are: John Batty, Steve DeLapp, Jan Collins, David McGee, Helen Croyle, and Bob Fairty, who look over U.S. Department of Labor exhibit.

Some of the 40 New Canaan, Conn., MYF'ers visiting Washington inspect labor exhibit.

In Memoriam

Newark Conference

Robert L. Tucker
Retired
May 21, 1963

sion house at nearby Bocas del Toro. His plea: "Come help us!"

Within a matter of hours, the Rev. Peter J. Perowne, a young English minister, was on his way. His first service was held in the school.

During the next few months, the number of worshipers grew from 30 to 80. "The parents come and join their children for worship, and together they sit with rapt attention," says Mr. Perowne. "They were so thrilled to be following Christ that they wanted him to have a proper church . . . Quickly they worked with the jungle's own materials . . ."

That's how there came to be a church with a thatched steeple on Coco Cay. Today, the Indians still view their handiwork with pride, but most pleased of all are the two men who came to teach and to preach in the Wesleyan tradition.

An Indian family en route to the church: Many streams like this thread the twisted mangroves on Coco Cay, but more and more people are finding the way.

The church is dedicated, and 45 children are baptized. Present is the Rev. Ephraim Alphonse (center), pioneer Methodist missionary in the area whose work greatly influenced Santiago Smith.

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